

MUSÆ *My song*
CANTABRIGIENSES.

Serenissimis PRINCIPIBUS

2

WILHELMO
ET

MARIÆ

Angliæ Franciæ & Hiberniæ

REGI ac REGINÆ.

Publicæ Salutis ac Libertatis

VINDICIBUS.

HÆC

Officii & Pietatis ergò D. D.

CANTABRIGIÆ,
Ex Officina Joann. Hayes, Celebratissimæ Academiæ
Typographi. 1689.

MUSEE
CANTABRIGIENSES

Germanische Principien

WILHELMO

F. T.

MARIAE

40.04
Cantabrigiae

REGI ac REGINAE

Publice Salutis ac Libertatis

VINDICIBUS

H. E. C.

Officiis & Potestatis ergo D. D.

CANTABRIGIAE

Ex Officio Joannis Hays, Censoris Academici
Typographi. 1689.

M E A D R M
LIBRUM.

VAde salutatum, felix liber, auspice caelo
Sceptra *Britannorum* quæ meruere manus;
Quæ tibi languenti possunt infundere vitam,
Atque leves numeros nobilitare tuos.
Ne metuas obitus invisere solis & ortus,
Nomina cum quævis pagina tanta ferat.
Tu Dominum cantu celebras Dominamque, superba
Quos vel & ipsa colet *Gallia*, vel metuet.
Ast ubique Dei veneratio purior extat,
Principibus, Populis, advena gratus eris.
O! si cum doctis authoribus & tibi parvum
Concedant Dominae scrinia sacra locum,
Vivis in æternum; multoquæ beator extas,
Quam si te coelis sidera confererent.

Procancellarius.

Ad

Ad R E G E M.

Illum, qui freta fluctuumque primis
Immotâ domuit fibrâ furores,
(Cœlis Tartara quolibet recurſu
Miscens, ludibrium *Alola* imbribusque,
Laudant hiſtorici, canunt poëtæ
Supra totum hominum genus relatum;
Sic & fideribus dabant *Carinam*.
Alcides, Erebum ſubegit ipſum,
Et *Stymphalides*, ejus arte preſſæ
Pennis ampliùs aſtra non obumbrant;
Tandem hunc ad ſuperos vehunt labores,
Pellæum juvenem, ſerûmque *Pœnum*,
Pyrrhos, & *Latii* Duces, ſuperbos,
Eſſe audivimus, enſis & triumphos,
Nugæ! Gloria vera Te manebit;
Cincti navibus Imperator Orbis,
Lethi quem metuas gradum vel ictum:
Te æs duplex, Pietas Fidèsque, ſervat.
Ut ſenſit Dominum ſui futurum,
Subſedit pelagus, receſſit ira;
Ventus murmurat, at Deo jubente,
Qui dignos animat, rates ſecundat.
Jam *Romæ* furor & gravis poteſtas
Vexârunt validos dolis *Britannos*;
Noſtræ lucida Veritatis ora
Fœdârunt miſerè tenebriones,

Muse Cantabrigienses.

Et vitæ latices beatioris
Cæco polluerant diu veneno.
Mox Christi populum petunt apertè ;
Argumenta fuere vis & arma,
Sacrum quicquid erat piûmq; nutat,
Atque unâ peritura Lex ruinâ.
Jussu Numinis advenis manûque,
(Cultus præsidium decusque puri,
Anglicæ ut stabilem dares salutem
Mûtos sacrificos, Popûsque pingues,
Ignavum pecus & gens bifontium,
Extemplo ad proprias haras repellis,
Ut Sol noctis aves fugat profanas.
Cessant Orgia, barbarûmq; notis
Murmur dat precibus locum ; *Latine*
Infernus periit focus culinæ.
Mox rebus faciem novam dedisti.
Dum sordent aliæ cruore Gentes,
Nos siccâ fruimur quiete ; ferro
Dum palmam reliqui Duces reportant ;
Vicisti meritis tuos *Britannos*.
Coetus restituens Deo sacrâtos,
Quas donas, precibus diu fruaris.

Ad EUNDEM.

Nassavii Auspiciis stant *Anglica* Regna, Potestas
Sic & *Nassavii* Belgica surgit ope ;
Crescere res parvas, & non decrescere magnas
Una eademque jubet, quâ libet ire, Domus.

Ad

Muse Cantabrigienses.

Ad REGINAM.

Pallada de cerebro natam Jovis intonet Orbi
Fama, & Apellam Græcia jactet opus;
Corpore tot Veneres numeras, tot mente Minervas,
Nymphas quot Graias exprimit una Venus.
Ingenium at minus elogium est, laudémque minorem,
Quam, quæ Te dicat, mens pia, forma dabit.
Quid facient Nymphæ tanta distante Magistra?
Omnis adest, quantam, Gloria, Sexus habet.

Procancellarius.

Angliæ liberatæ Oratio.

Inclite Belgarum Ductor, cū vivida bello
Imperium virtus, defensaque juratulerunt:
Huc Ego sanctarum Genitrix æquissima legum
Oceani Regina feror, mihi reddita rursus;
Et veterem in famam, Te Vindice, libera surgo
Diva loci: nunquam ah! tremui propiore periclo;
Aut magis impense grates, servata rependi
Scilicet hoc fuerat, transacti temporis annos
Si recolo memorans, quod moestam sæpè monebat,
Nato-

Musa Cantabrigienses.

Natorum ne diffidiis odiisque meorum
Distraherer divisa, & quæ mihi sacra fuêrunt,
Paucorum arbitrio violanda impunè darentur.
Id metuens pulcrâ pulcrâ de Matre MARIAM,
Cui jactare pari nunquam se speret alumnâ
Posteritas, Tibi conjunxi, propriamque dicavi;
Ut vindex illi jus inviolabile Sceptri

Tuteris firmesque fidem: Tibi rursus ut illa
Virtutem accendat, pretiumque & causa laboris.
Antè tuæ adventum Classis victricis in oras
Qualia non perpeffa fui: tamen omnia supplex
Sustinui, & tantum superos in vota vocavi.
Te Superi misere mihi, aut fulcire ruentem
Libertatem armis, animam aut impendere causâ,
Quod tamen effectum fato mellorè dedisti.

Aggredere O! meritos tandem Rex Magne, triumphos,
Et votis assuesce piis, precibusque tuorum.
En! Tibi se fundunt Proceres, solùmque frequentes
Circumstant: fremitu Populus testatur ovanti,
Qualia sollicitum pertinent gaudia pectus.

Ite mei, quondam fortissima pectora, nati,
Ultrò in bella alacres; quò vos, quoscunque per enses
Major Avis Atavisque ruens in prælia ducat
Nassovius, solitam novit Victoria dextram
Heroi devota suo: licet extera Regna
Quærere, funereasque faces intendere Gallis
Fœdistragis: illic, quâ Relligione vocaris,
Arbiter *Europa* immineas, & justa rependens
Angligenâ patrios defendes milite *Belgæ*.

Jo. Mountagu Magistr. Coll. Trin.
Ad

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Ad REGEM.

Gorgone conspecta, veteres cecinere Poeta
Protinus immotos diriguille viros:
Credidimus falsa hæc, donec te, *Maxime Regum*,
Oppressis *Anglis* fata dedere Ducem
Absolvis Vates: Nam sacra futura putabunt
Quæ Tu fecisti prodigiosa magis.
Pugnaces vix viuis adhuc sine sanguine transis.
Excutit armatis telaque fama Tui.
Non tot præclarum gestis rudis illa vetustas
Alciden coelo commoverisse refert.
Illustræ meritis, tantis virtutibus auctum,
Te verus acciperet, Te nova *Roma* Deum.
Anglia Te stupuit, populus Tibi fausta precatur,
Te salvum orato Numine quisque velit.

Ad REGINAM.

Risimus antiquos, cum tres sub montibus, *Idæ*
De Colo memorant defluisse Deas.
Ficta fidem meruere, ut nostras attingit oras
Innumeras Divas una *MARIA* tulit,
Judicio *Providis*, vel si *Dea Cypris* adesset,
In gremium caderent Aurea poma tuum.

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Juno, superba licet, regno tibi cederet ultro,
Cederet ingenio *Pallas* & ipsa Tibi.

Robertus Finch, Coll. *Christ.* Honoratissimi Do-
mini *Heneagii* Comitis *Nottinghamie* & summi
totius *Anglie* dum vixerit Cancellarii
Filius natu septimus.

Quos non triumphos nostra jam Mater canat,
Ecclesiarum dulce & egregium decus!

Felicitates Ipsa stat stupens suas
Horrore lato, dissipatas dum videt
Repente copias superborum Hostium;
Quos inter audax eminebat Familia
Ignatianorum, Factum atque Festum
Dolentis orbis. Cæterum quo Isti modo
Jam conquerruntur, nosse nos *Anglos* juvet.

Quasunque (clamant) *Phæbus* aspicit plagas
Nostrum replevit Nomen, & Gesta inclyta:

Catholica nostrâ industriâ longe fides

Lateque sparsa est, *Libram* & miseram beat.

Borealis necdum jactaret se *Hæresis*,

Nulli labori parvus domi tut foris,

Terræ maiusque nil morati incommoda:

Missæ cunctis plauræ vim mysticam.

Notas ubique seruatque indicimus.

Preces, & omnium *Beatorum* chorum

(Te *Cumpræ* maxime, Teque o Pater

Garnette) supplices in auxilium tra-

Causa vocamus; Consultamus ipsum quoque

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Responſa *Rome* ſacra danſtem *Apollinem*, ille ſcilicet
Fideique noſtræ Principem, atque Orbis Caput,
A quo cerebrum abeſſe quiſnam exiſtimet !

Cum non daretur fleſtere Superos, trucem
Acheronta movimus ; pijs fallacijs,
Mendaciſque more pro noſtro additis,
Quodcunque poterat ſtrenuus & acer Dolus
Effeceramus : Jamque magni compotes
Dubio procul Voti videbamus fore.

Sed dira ſpem Fortuna lactantem abſtulit :
Et *Innocentius* fit invitè innocens,
Et noſter eheu zelus in fumos abit,
Venire Vindicem, & *Videre*, & *Vincere*
Jam ſentientibus una ſolamen fuga eſt.

Quin ergo Miſeri ſapere tandem diſcite,
Summumque Numen deſinite laceſſere :
Nam, *Loyolitis* quamlibet ringentibus,
Magna eſt & uſque prævalebit Veritas.

Jo. Beaumont, S. T. P. & Coll.

S. Petri Præſectus.

Pacificas turmas, Lauros vix ſanguine tinctas,
Came, triumphales ; ſolo clangore tubarum
Audito ſparſas equitum peditumque phalanges
Bello innutritas, fortes, pugnaeque paratas,
Antiqua Indigerum veterum monumenta revolvens
Si recolas *Muſas* unquam ceciniffe priores,
Ceruleaſve tuas muſcoſis *Naiadas* antris
Tale quid, ô grandæve Pater ; jam fare precamur.
Ille ſtatim medijs canum caput extulit undis,
Et nobis. *Nympha* noſtræ, *Muſaque* priores,

Reſponſi

Et

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Et *Thetis*, & *Tethys*, quôtque *Oceanitides*, omnes
Attonitæ mirac'la canunt *Mirabilis Anni*,
Uni hæc *Auriaco* deberi exempla fatentes.

Præfidiûmque decûsque Aliquot jam, Maxime ! regnis,
Speratus verò Multis, multisque Futurus ;
Hinc illinc latè Gentes Te Vindice gaudent :
Vulneribus lacera indignis *Germania*, truncos
Ostentans artûs, quòd adhuc spe celsa, nec ultrò
Fessa malis frœnum accepit, Tua Dextera, causa.
Rhenus opem gemitu implorat, mœstissimus undis
Jam famulis, atque indignatus *Gallica* vincla ;
Nec, nisi provolvens cæsos, placabilis, hostes.
Te verò ante omnes supplex implorat *Ierne*
Undique *Brutigenûm* crudeli cæde madescens,
Te spectat vix attollens oculos moribundos.

Innumeris videor mihi jûctum navibus æquor,
Et freta prospicere *Angliacis* fulgentia signis.
Nempe esse in fatis Spes, jam nunc affore tempus,
Cum *Rheno* mutare vices quò *Séquana* tristes
Cogatur, nimiûmque undas revocare tumentes.
Marta vis *Britonum*, *Gallis* bene nota vetustis,
Vivit adhuc, feris transmissa nepotibus ; & jam
Auspiciis, Rex Magne ! Tuis sese exerit ardens :
Jam quæsita diu Virtus, jam prisca resurgit,
Atque adeò prisca major, dignissima tanta
Causâ, digna Illo qui Maximus excitat Auctor.

Tu quoque læta subî veteres Regina penates :
Non maris in Vestros tantûm conspiat honores
Officiosa cohors, *Phorci*que exercitus omnis.
Te Dominam agnoscens ; sed læto compita plausu,

Plausu

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Plausu Te Proceres, plausu excepero Senatus,
Cum patribus matres, pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
Ut serò in Coelos redeas uno ore precantes.

Joann. Copleston, S. T. P. Coll. Regal.
Præpositus.

M Agne Reformatae Stator Fidei, Optime Princeps,
Expectare diu Populo regnisque *Britannis*:
Tu solus poterās lapsis succurrere Rebus,
Oppressatque subere iterum se attollere Leges,
Et Pacem nobis Libertatēque referre.
Læta tuis, depressa diu, se Ecclesia tandem
Erigit auspiciis, & gaudens simplice cultu
Religio. O quantis Dux Optatissime finem
Prompte venis posituræ malis! Quæ mûnera solvent
Quæ Tibi digna *Angli*? Tuus omnia mûnera Fortis
Quippe animus supra est. Votis (quod possumus) omnes
Jus Tibi Regnandi dedimus, quod fecimus ipsi
Non magnum est, quod Tu fecisti id Gloria major.
Tu salvè Imperii Confors Thalamique, *MARIA*,
Quam magè dilectam tam longa absentia fecit.
Nunc Procerum & Populi tantis accersita Votis,
Depositum Gentis, quando Te *Carolus* olim
Ducendam dedit *Auriaco*, nunc reddita nobis
Auctior Imperio, & cum tanto scœnere Honoris.

Geor. Oxindæ, LL. D. Aul. Trin. Custos, & Re-
gius in Jur. Civ. Professor.

Muse Cantabrigienses.

און שמעה את שמעך
ברחוב ועלי קרח
השיר ישורר בתרועה
עם ישיבה ואדרת
מלכת חיל הרר בעלה
וחל המלך עשרת :

V. Stubbe, L. Hebr. Professor, S. T. D.
Trin. Coll. Soc.
:

יהי בך יישי

לשם ה' אלהינו

המשקל והמקום

לשם ה' אלהינו

המשקל והמקום :

Ad
11

Muse Cantabrigiensis.

ברוך מרחוק ארח
דרכו עם ארחות הצלית :

הוא סכיב סרביא
הוא אחשררפניא
בארין הדבריא :

תמחהי במה רברבין
ושלטנה ידען
בכל ארעא רי דארין :

יש"י עם"הן

ראו חוערים בלם

ושישים קמו עמרו

הנה ליהר כחיכל

בן ועת שרים יבאו :

אח

Musa Cantabrigiensis.

בעט מחיר יחנה סופר

לשן עבריה תרבר :

מי נוי משכיל או מי נכון

בית מרינות בנת ראשון :

כאשר הגייל לעשור

כן לאם קרה נרבות :

יום רנה שלושה עשר

ירח שמתה חרש אדר :

איש יתמד בור ותפאכה

אשר חן חסד לאישה :

ארגונא ילכש נכיר

במלכותא ישלט כביר :

דחפשיטא דחפשיטא

יעברט גרע חוריה

ויסתהוו ברתמיה

ביתא דחוריה :

Musica Cantabrigienfes.

למ יברך

למ יברך

אמר ישב האי הור
בעור שנה מבטנו
על כן גמנו גם לעורה
כי כה נמלט אנהנו

נורע בשערים טפסו
נאות וגללות עשה
להצל מפני חרב
ומפני כבר מלחמה

אז כמעיל צננה משפט
מקום הקדש אף כסאו
בעצת חכמתא חפץ
שרביט צדקות בידו

במשפחה ומשפחה
הלוא לעד הם נזכרים
בעיר ועיר זמאן מאן
האלה יהיו כתיבים

Masæ Cantabrigienfis.

Ad REGEM

O Liberandis qui popularibus
Ipso Deorum consilio datus,
Victorias extendis ultra,
Nec patriæ modò natus ora,
Benignitatis Gentibus exteris
Nectis catenas, & mentis potens
Ubique, ceu Numen, volentes
Per populos tua Jura ponis:
Quæ cura grata, quis labor *Anglia*,
Plenis honorum muneribus effos
Æquare tot speret labores,
Aut memori satis esse mente:
Nam summa Regni quod fuerit *Tibi*
Oblata, causâ tradidit hanc sua:
Quis subditus non esse tanto
Imperio velit atque possat:
Beata, quæ Te gens fruitur Duce:
Quos illa Temper aspiciet dies.
Non fata, non hostes timebit
Agminibus rapidis ruentes.
Tu, cum in parentis regna *Batavia*
Olim cruentas duceret insolens
Gallus catervas, cum tremantes
Horrida diluvies per agros
Effusa vasto thornere impetu
Urbèsque, gemasque, excidit incolas

Muse Cantabrigienses.

Datura veloci, & rubentes
Sanguine ferret ubique fluctus;

Victore ab ipso saepe suos rapis
Victor triumphos; laurea ut illius,
Eunte Te in bellum, caduca
Fulmineis moreretur armis.

Romana virtus talis erat; Tuo
Spirare Paulum pectore cederem.

Vel mente se in tanta Catonem

Vel Fabium possuisse, et tot
Foecunda Avitæ semina gloria
Præstò tibi essent, unde domestica
Exempla, virtutisque sacros.

Conciperes melioris ignes.
Custode rerum Te, melius dies
Labuntur almi; Te Duce nominis

Redit Brittanni prisca fama

Finitimis metuenda, regnis

Quin & serenam coepit imaginem
Referre Coeli Ecclesia, nubibus

Obducta nullis; inque Terrâ

Hostibus edomitis triumphat.

Henricus Lane T. C. Soc. & Sen. Prodi Acad.

Ad REGEM

Quòd læti fruimur prisca Virtute Parentum,
Et superest Patriæ Religionis honos;

Tuta

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Tuta quòd æquarum colitur Reverentia Legum,
Nec sacra à nostro pellitur orbe *Themis* :
Consilio, Dux Clare, Tuo debemus, & armis,
Dum subit alternas *Pallas* amica vices ;
Nunc illà plenum generosas ardet in iras
Pectus, *Mars* cedit, cedit & alma *Venus* :
Nunc volvis cautà majora negotia mente,
Et solita occultos detegis arte dolos :
Hæc Dea concessit, concessit & omnia soli,
Participes curis vis nec adesse Tuis.
Palluimus quoties ? ne Te male luderet auris,
Proderet aut factam perfida lingua fidem.
Lætatur ventos causas rapuisse timorum,
Ac data per placidum vela fuisse mare.
Area *Nassavii* patefit spatiosa Triumphi
Anglia, quòd *Baratus* tempore cessit, ovans.
Redditis antiquum, grata vice, redditis *Angliæ*
Auxilium, memores sic decet esse pios.
Grassantes nimis *Hispanos* compressit *Eliza*,
Romuleas fraudes sustulit *Auriacus*.

Ad REGINAM.

O Salve *Auriac* dignissima Conjuge Conjux !
Quo cum jure datum dividis Imperium.
Te quoque permoveat Patriæ plorantis imago,
Quæ cruciata tuam sollicitavit Opem.
Faxis, subsidant rabidi dicteria Vulgi,
Floreant in nostro, Pax & oliva, solom.
Surgat de propriis Ecclesia fessa ruinis,
Atque iterum rutilum tollat in astra caput.

Sic

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Sic te Reginâ multæ numerentur Ariste,
Impleat & vacuum Dia propago Thronum.

Ja. Crompton Coll. Jes. Procurat. Alt.

Ad REGEM & REGINAM.

JAM coeli posuere minas, & tristis *Lapix*;

Aequior iratum stravit & aura mare;

Advolat *Auriacus* Princeps, agmenque citatum

Raptat, & afflictis portat alacris opem,

Sic ferè demersos Gemini eripuerè procellis,

Sæva fariscentes ne voret unda rates.

Longa quidem Domine tulimus fastidia *Rome*,

Propitios tandem gratulor esse Deos.

Dotibus Hæc formæ, validis Hic polleat armis,

At facili imperio vincat uterque suos!

Et, si non vano augurio me ludit *Apollo*,

Gens erit occiduis nostra timenda plagis.

Henricus Savage A. M. Coll. Regal. Socius.

Angli post abitum Regis, moderaminis omni
Ne rabie indomita prosterneat omnia vulgus,
Consilium capiunt, quid agant, subitantibus apocli;
Ex cunctis regni ordinibus *Conventio* facta est;
Quæritur imprimis quis tanta pondera molis

Muse Cantabrigienses.

Sufferre? aut tantos poterit componere motus?
Imperio assignat meritum Popularia vota,
Principem *Arausiacum*, qui sanguine *Cesarum* ab alto
Deducit genus, & cujus per Stemmata longa
Gens Regum titulis ornata, Ducumque triumphis.
Qui *Britonum* Reges Socerumque, & Avunculum Avumque;
Vendicat; atque cui Regnatix Sponsa *MARIA*
(Non alias habitura parem) concederet uni
Solut ut *Angliacis* Regalia jura ministraret.
Hic magnos generis titulos virtutibus æquans,
Non satis esse putat *Belgarum* pacta tueri,
Finibus hostiles turmas depellere hiantes;
Inter & indigenas ortas componere lites.
Anglorum prece sollicita commotus Avire
Ne Leges, & *Religio* stabilita premantur,
Suppetias ferre instituit, nec dissulit; omnes
Per mare, per terram casus tolerare paratus.
Devonia tetigit valido cum exercitu arenam,
Adveniens vidit vicique ad *Cæsari* instar:
Libertas *Anglia* sine cæde & sanguine parva est.
Regia res fuit occidua succurrere genti,
Digna que, desertâ quæ sit donanda *Coronâ*!
Regis opus, Regni pignus nec inane futurum,
Quem meritum quem vota volunt, quemq; omnia Regem
Edictum firmat; sic decemente Senatu,
Cum toto populo plaudente, Deumque precante:
Ut longum vivant *Rex*, & *Regina*, *Britannia*
Sint decus, & columen; furibundis terror *Hibernis*;
Defendantque fidem veram falsamque revellant.

Edw. Turner Sydn. Suff. Coll. Soc.

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Salve cura Deum, terrarum Gloria Princeps,
Salve O! lapsuræ Spes rediviva Domus:
Heu! quoties oppressa fides, rerumque soluta
Foedera, *Statorem* te petiere suum?
Quot, Te venturo, lassarunt Æthera vota,
Cunctantisque graves incepuere Moras?
Luctantes extrema inter discrimina vitæ,
Et mille infestis Præda petita dolis:
Qui fremitum instantis potuere eludere Fati
Ni tua Divinam Dextra tulisset opem?
Non aliâ dejecti animis labentia regni
Pondera credidimus surgere posse manu:
Quo tua cunque volant victricia signa per orbem
Te sequitur, Princeps, Gloria fida comes,
Te simul audierant facturum vela, salutis
Certior *Angligenæ* Spes redeuntis erat;
Erigere intrepidum caput alma *Ecclēsia* cœpit,
Et modò languenti vita redire nova;
Diffugere indigenæ Barathri, tutosque recessus
Quærere, *Roma*, antris edita monstra tuis:
Imbelles cessare manus, simul appulit oras
Nostras *Auriacæ* Gloria lumina Domus:
Corripuere fugam quæ nostræ inimica quieti,
Et petiit proprios nigra caterva specus.
Te rerum Custode, in quos non surget Honores
Auctior Auspiciis *Anglia* facta tuis:

Guil. Hales, A. P. Coll. Christ.

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

ERgò suis iterùm se ostendit Diva *Britannis*
Libertas, Victrixque iterùm exoptata reducit
Secula, degeneri populo dominisque superbis
Spreta diu, nostras & jam vix nota per Urbes :
Religióque suum spissis è nubibus effert
Intemerata caput, frustra que oppressa refurgit :
Et fera tempestas, tantâ quæ sævit irâ
Nuper in immeritos, omnem jamjamque ruinâ
Pressura horribili patriam exitiôque datura,
Quàm citò de nostris & poenè innoxia cessit
Finibus : hoc nimis est superi, immisâque repente
Lætitiâ obruimur, nec iter tôt gaudia nôrunt.
Hæc si contigerint nobis post horrida bella,
Post clades diramque famem pelagique labores,
Non magno constare tamen quereremur ; At ultrò
Addidit hoc quoque fors, votis quod poscere nemo
Auderet, nè parta salus foret illa cruore,
Neu quid eos posset sceleris maculare triumphos.

Quis Deus, O Musæ, nobis hæc munera fecit :
Quem grati sublimè ferent ad sidera Vates :
Ille parens verus patriæ, cui *Belgia* debet,
Liberâ quod leges ponat sibi jurâque, necdum
Gallorum infido penitus spoliata Tyranno
Per gentes trahitur tristis Captiva superbas,
Ille, simul sævam vim pulchra *Britannia* magni
Raptoris passura foret, cœloque querelas
Mitteret, haud ultrâ passus discrimine tanto
Urgeri afflictam, virtute impulsus Avitâ,
Et solitus miseris nunquam non esse salutem,
Auxilio subit, & cœlo ceu missus ab alto
Improvisus adest, diras funditque fugâtque
Pestes, restituitque suum jam rebus honorem.

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Diffugiunt, justam Patriæ qui vindicis iramant opes
Promeriti: simul hinc monstra importuna facessunt
Vana superstitio & dominandi coeca libido
Et furor & dolus, & scelerum plus mille figura.

O patria, O virtus *Angla*, invictissima bello
Pectora, num solitus vobis rum fugerat ardor
Sopiti jacuere animi? Gentēne quietis
Sedibus excitas, longi trans æquoris undam
Orbe alio positas, nostris pro legibus armis
Nomen amicitiae & pietas sua ferre jubebat?
Nemo *Britannus* erat, propius quem tanta videntem
Crimina Relligio potuisset sancta movere
Ut fato instanti eriperet quum proxima morti
Romanas mactanda foret ceu victima aras
Nemo fuit rapido qui torrenti obvia ire
Auderet, patriæque indigna abrupte vincula
Et vitam pulchrâ pro Libertate pacisci.

Et tamen Heroem servandis gentibus orant
Anglia, cui meritò rerum dedit esse potēti
Vindicat atque suâ jactat de stirpe creatum
Maternâ de stirpe suum, Diis namque secundis
Talem illum *Anrius* Patri tulit *Anglica* Mater
Hinc animi, hinc virtus, & clavis dextera factis.

Nec Tu carminibus, Regina, silebere nostris,
Una Viro digna illustri sceptrūque *Britannus*
Formosæ leges consuevit ponere mundo
Præcipue magnorum animis regnare virorum
Quàm læti imperiis parebimus, o dea, vestris,
Cui gaudet laurus submittere Victor ovantes,
Libera qui Populis revocavit jura duobus.

Gul. Norris A. M. Trin. Col. Soc.

Musa Cantabrigienſes.

*In Fœliciffimam Auriaci Principis
Expeditionem.*

IO! canoris tollite plaufibus
Angli triumphos Auriaci Ducis,
Cui nemo par interminatis
: Promeritis Diadema neſtat.
Qui mente fortunatus ad ardua,
Atque ampliori dignus Adoreâ,
Intentus virtute ſummâ
Poſt genitis documenta præbet,
Latè ſtupentes *Angli genâ* tibi
Invicte Princeps, regna tyrannico
Exempla faſtu gratulamur,
Auspiciis moderanda veſtris.
Tu liberaſti vi placidiſſimâ
Nos imminentis ſervitii jugo,
Noſtrâmpis fixiſti quietâ
Angliâmpis ſtatione Delon.
Nunc læta vultu Pax redit aureo,
Nunc preſſa rerum eſt dira protervitas,
Nunc ſacra redduntur *Britanniis*
Juſque pium Themidiſque leges,
I vince fauſto protinus Alite,
Sævos Hibernq; ſolis tui deprimat,
Et glorioſo pervicaces
Impetey Dux ſupera rebelles.

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Superbientem Milite Galliam
Vincas subactam, sub pedibus premas
Clarus Triumphis infulati
Pontificis Triplicem Triaram.

J. Randall. Coll. Christ. Alum.

NUnquam possit Amor distinguere à numinis irâ,
Hæc si sunt iræ signa notæque Deum :
Vestrum est, O Superi, si nostra hæc gaudia peccant,
Peccandi à vobis hæc data causa fuit :
Aut vos munifici sitis minus, aut date nobis
Non tam conspicuâ munera vestra manu.
Dum sic distractis tam mira sit Unio Regnis,
Sic incompósitos rebus & Ordo redit,
Templaque dum nobis, sic defenduntur & Ara,
Sicque (diu pulsus) conciliatur Amor.
Clamabo, est vestrum, O Superi, vos estis amici,
Et grates vobis mente volente dabo.
Impensè nos tam facilis Victoria, nulla
Cæde, nec hostili sanguine mæsta, juvat.
Non opus hic Armis ; ficos celebrare Triumphos.
Principis ingenii nobilioris erat,
Quem placidâ pompâ secum per-amica trahentem
Agmina, dat nobis numinis alma manus.
Qui simul ad nostrum direxit Carbasa litus
Quanta animos hominum sollicitudo premit !
Si magè quam solito Venti fremuerunt cum litore,
Naufragii metus est ; si tacuere, mora ;

Quem

Muse Cantabrigienses.

Quem mora si non ostiis remississet longior oris, non uno
Sensissent funus vel tria Regna suum.
Venisti at tandem, Princeps, medicina malorum,
Suntque tria Adventu regna beata tuo;
Non huc te urgebat Dominandi insana libido,
Cæca aut nascendi, fors tibi Sceptra dedit:
Regna elegerunt sed te pereuntia Regem,
Sic esse Electum gloria summa fuit.
Gratulor acceptos tibi Majestatis honores,
Qui dantur meritis, præmia parva, tuis.
Haud aliter poterat reparari tanta Ruina,
Vibrari aut aliâ Sceptra Relicta manu.
Tuque O Regina, es certe dignissima, genti
Ob quam tam fonti parcere fata velint.
Anglia foelicem, si jam se ingrata negarit;
Æternum infelix esse meretur: Erit.

Rob. Blake, A. M. Coll. Regal. Soc.

Ad REGEM & REGINAM.

Dulce Decus Gentis, Solium conscendere avitum
Divus ab Ætherea *Carolus* arce videt,
Et fundit pia vota Deo, gratæque referre
Gaudet, & in sobolem poscere fausta suam
Sceptra diu teneat: Par nostro à sanguine cretum
Cui populus curæ est, paræque Religio.

Terra.

Musci Cantabrigienses.

Terra unquam ~~regis~~ In sic virtutibus orba, ^{stom men}
Aureolum Garmen Nobile flemus ferat. ^{in illud}
Annuit Omnipotens precibus, ^{in illud} ~~parque~~ ecce ^{Br ita illis}
Incipiunt laetor tuncere laetia pede. ^{vbA sim cupit}

Jo. Sandford, Coll. Chr. Commens.

Ad REGINAM.

PRægestienti sospita paria
Auctis *Maria* est reddita honoribus;
Vos uidi sicque vates
Indigetem celebrate diuam.
Non hæc *Britannos* regnaque libera
Emancipari censui;
Romæ colluctari iniquâ
Victa pio voluit dolore.

Sed jam gravatos indoluit malis,
Suique *Martis* pendula ad oscula

Hærebāt, alman *Angliæ* salutem

Blanda petens placidamque pacem

Ille æquus audîť follicitas preces

Facturus ultrò quicquid honestius ;

Sinūque dilectæ recumbens

Pávit amore avidos ocellos

Prorfus videbam classego Belgica

Tethyn laborare: sequere Cycladas

Innare parasitler revulsas

Et liquidis fluitare campis)

.. *Musica Cantabrigiensis.*

Orisque nostris impiger appulit
(Favente totò *Nereïdum* choro,)

Qui iura, qui leges a vitas

Afferuit miseris *Britannis*.

Quis fasci iniquo subditus ingemit,
Sævas secures quis timet integer,

Quis jura depravata? tanti est

Propitios habuisse reges!

Tu Diva, faustis sub penetralibus

Nutrita, sacros erige Præfules :

Sperare quidvis impotentem.

Imperio cohibe popellum.

Plebemque nullis fervere iurgis

Piis videbis, nec fremet aspera

Lymphata Zelo pertinaci,

Sed posita coalescet ira.

Saturnia en en secula! Faustitas

Cerèsque certâ rura beant fide,

Bacchique per vicos Hquiores

Purpureis trepidant fluentis.

Oblivioſi pocula *Maſſici*

Puer coronā; non ego fāctus

Bacchabor *Edonis*, recepta

Dulce mihi furere est MARIA.

G. M. Parry, Col. Regal.

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Quisquis nostris inspirat apparet
 (Favente toto Vates sacro choro)
 Qui nonnullis Auspiciis
 Affertur nobis
 Quis saltem impudens ingratum
 Sævis fecerit
 Quis iura depravata : tantum est
 Prohibet inobtemperantes leges
 Tu Diva, facis erige Prælia :
 Sævis facis erige Prælia :
 Imperio nullis servare iugis
 Plebæ præcipue nullis servare iugis
 His videbis
 I vinctus solo præcipue
 Sed postea consideret
 Summa eni præcipue
 Cædunt cetera tunc deant fide
 Bacchus præcipue
 Pueri præcipue
 Olivæ præcipue
 Et coronæ præcipue
 Bacchus præcipue
 Dulce mihi iure est MARIA.

Carolus Ellis, A.M. Coll. Christi, Soc.

Musa Cantabrigiensis.

שירו לאל זמרו לו

כל העמים יעלוו בו

גם בתולות גם בחורים

גם נערות גם זקנים

שאו חף ונגינה

הטיבו זמר בתרועה

כי לא בשוא לא קרא ריק

אך הפליא יהודה צדיק

אשר כלבים סבגו

אבריו רומי כתרנו

או נשה גרל זרוע

ועצת רשע גרע

כנבחה אימתן עור עווז

וצריו כלם מלא כוס

שבר חפח ומלט עם

שכר שרם את שכינם

אנשי דמיס ומרמז רב

יבש יחפרו מאר

אזיפה אחת אפיפה

יירא ויסב לאחז

E

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

*Ad Celsissimum Principem Auriacum in
Angliam Classe appellentem die quin-
tâ Novembris.*

O Præclara dies, niveo signanda lapillo !
Cantetur duplici nomine fausta dies.
Purpureos Patres alio prope murice tinctos,
Incolumes olim præstitit illa dies.
Te veniente die sic illa, Maxime Princeps,
Attonitos Britonas pax inopina beat.
Nulla ligant Anglos nisi dulcia vincula legum,
Non Papale jugum, libera colla gravat.
Roma dolos frustra nequit : sub Vindice tanto
Hæresis ingentem spem Borealis alit.
Perge fidem veram GULIELME invicte tueri,
Aspirat cœptis aura secunda tuis.
Ocyûs auxilium mœstissima anhelat Ierne ;
Implorant medicam faucia membra manum.
Insula cùm virus nullum ferat inclyta, sanam
Errorum vitient nulla venena fidem.

Carolus Beaumont, Coll. S. Petri Socius.

QUÆ cura Turbæ Pieriæ tuas
Laudes pererret, Maxime Principum ?
Quas nec Triumphantes, referre,
Nec penes est reticere, Musas :

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

At liberati vox Populi fremens,
Oblivioso rapta silentio,
O. acla depromit; secundum
Auspicium meditante Phoebo:
Tutela Princeps rebus in arduis,
Cum nodus esset, Vindice te Deo,
Dignus, minacis Tu obstitisti,
Invidiæ furillque *Roma*,
Nondum beatam sed satis *Angliam*
Fecisse visus, pectore prodigo,
Ipsum dedisti Te, futurum
Imperii columnen labantis,
Qui Marte nunquam cedere noveras,
Votis precantis vinceris *Anglia*,
Sic vel Deorum fulgurenti
Vim faciunt, pia Vota, celo.
Tandem serenam, Nobilis *Albion*,
Offende frontem; Principe vividos
Hortare natos; spiritusque
Ingenitos animosa sume:
Sic Te, Deorum, Vindice, debilem
Galli feroces perfidiam luent;
Sic arte vulpinâ protervi,
Angliacos metuent *Leones*.

P. Sayve Trin. Coll. Alum.

Ad R E G E M.

Insperata salus lapsuræ Gentis, amicum
Tu regno, Princeps Maxime, lumen ades.

Musa Cantabrigiensis.

Quæ non horruimus sine te mala? Quæ mala tecum :
 Horremus? sic nec *Roma* nocere valet.
 Jure igitur Regem statuit Te jure Senatus,
 Quem Populi optant confona vota prius.
 Audax qui miseris voluisti occurrere rebus,
 Qui poteras medicâ damna levare manu.
 O Nate effroenes Regum contempnere motus
 Et Clypei opposita frangere mole minas!
 Sic Avus *Hispanum* docuit mitescere, Tûque hæc
 Regibus immodicis arte timendus eris.
 Nec *Gallus* longum lætabitur, Efferus olim,
 Quas trepidat, vires sentiet ille tuas.
 Nec tantum in nostrum servabit fœdera damnum,
 Hic licet invito est vana futura fides.
 Quid parva hæc memoro? Nil non tibi grande paratur;
 In cœli partes sæpe vocandus eris.

B. Nomers, Coll. Christi Soc.

Ἀθανάτης Μῦσαι κλειναῖς ὑμῶσαν αἰόδαας,
 Ἡμεῖς δ' βροτοὶ οἶδε θεοῖς ὀπιέμεθα ἀνδράσιν.
 Οὐρανὸς τε θεῶν ἴστω λεγόμενα γαίαν τε.
 ὦ Πόποι ὡς ἀρετῇ καλῶν καὶ ἀδίσφατον ὕλῳ
 Δέρκωμεν, πῶσαινο δ' πόπεν μέλαρ ἀρχὴ αἰοιδῆς,
 Καὶ πόπεν ἡ κατὰ λῆξις. Ἀχρὸν γ' ἐργ' ἀναεθμῆν
 Ἡρώων πατέρων, τῇ μὲν κλέε. ἔποντ' ὀλῆται,
 Ἄν' τε φέρειν θῆγον. καὶ δὲ Δία περ πινέεσσαν.
 Σαῖς κῶδις ἀρετῶσιν ὀφείλε. ἄσπετον εὐχέ,
 Σὴν κραδίη βελλῶν ὅτι πῶν φρεσὶν ἐγκρατῆς.
 Πυκνῶν, λῶν καὶ ἄλλων.

Musa Cantabrigiensis.

Δηλονότ' ἐκείνη Βελχαιί τ' ἐπ' ἀνδράσι
 Καί ῥ' ἀναχωρήσονται πᾶσι καὶ χαῖρ'· αἰχμηταί
 Φίλτατε χαῖρ' ἔφαθ', πατέρεις δ' τοὶ ἐν φρεσὶν αἰεὶ.
 Ὡς ἔφαθ' Βελχαιί· σὺ δ' αὖτ' αὖτις γίγρεο χῶρας·
 Ἄρης ἐν πολέμοισιν, ὃν δὲ ἀγορήσιν Ἀπόλλων.
 Οἷον δ' Ἀλβίων· φοιτᾷ μεγάλη Βασιλεία,
 Ἐξοχα δηλυτέρησιν· οἱ κινυτῆες ἀράπυστα,
 Ἡς μὲν ὅπ'ι κελπῆς· ραδίνας ἀπεμάξατο χεῖρας
 Καλλίστη μακάρων χαλεάσας κέρα Διώνης.
 Ὡς τῆς ἡμέτερης προσφερέσθαι ἡμῶν ψυχῇ,
 Εἴθ' ἀναβαλλομένη χαμωρὸν κλέει· Οὐλύμπιοι
 Ἡμέτερον ἦσαν δ' ἰωαὶ κεν μακαρίζοις,
 Ὡς μὲν ἀνὴρ ἀρετῇ, κάλλει δ' αὖ πᾶσιν ἀνάσσει.

DI quibus æternæ felix *Britannia* curæ,
 Quid tantum meritis tali cumulastis honore?
 Non satis Angligenis tutandis unica virtus:
 Cœlum unâ cervice stetit, non *Anglia*, Divûm
 Majori firmanda fide. O tutela decusque
Albionis, cui non corrumpit pectora demens
 Ambitio, & laudis nunquam satiata cupido,
 Sed veræ virtutis honos ad fidera tollit,
 Te, Te omnes taciti miramur, poscimus omnes.
 Te duce magnarum se ostendit gloria rerum,
*Gallia*que innumeros promittit victa triumphos:
 Mille trophæa feres. Videor jam ducere pompas
 Solennes, & Iô! reduci ingeminare Triumphè!

Te verò quibus, O nostræ pars optima gentis,
 Laudibus extollam? Quâ pingam carminis arte
 Insignem Pietate animam, vultumque modestum,
 Divinûmque decus formæ, virtutis honorem

Fœmi-

Musa Cantabrigiensis.

Fœminæ? Quæ culque dabo præconia partem
Obstupet attonitus tanto molimine sensus,
Incautosque oculos præstringit gloria: Certè
Vel Dea, vel saltem cœlesti semine nata es.

O si de nostris vobis Deus optimus annis
Addat, & Albion tantum indulgeret ovanti!
Tum vos firmatâ bello concordia, & omni
Virtute expletâ, serò teneatis Olympum!

T. Wrightson, Coll. Regal. Alumn.

JAM minæ diræ cecidère belli;
Jam salus nobis revocatur exul,
Et minax olim, modo ponit ensis

Mitior iras.

Martis oblitus, modicuque ferri
Mollibus flectes tua regna habens,
Dum tuos hostes sine cœde vincis,

Optime Princeps.

O decus regni columenque, laudes
Prodigas omnis tibi funder atas,
Te canent Gades, tua volvet ingens

Nomina Gangers.

Ast licet totum celebris per orbem
Splendeas, inter titulos perennes
Nostra fulgebant tibi vindicata

Jura fideque.

Jura jam nostris dominantur agris,
Jam valent leges, pietasque floret,
Prisca Saturni rediit aethera la

Prædicat orbis.

Excu-

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Excubet numen, retégatque fraudes
Hostium, felix tibi sit; salisque;
Cuncta, te salvo, evenient beato
Prospera regno.

Rich. Crossinge, A. P.

Templa victrici decorare lauro;
Victimis aras onerare gratis;
Diis manu largâ conblare laetos,
Thuris honores;
Non mero precandum, epulive lauris;
Hinc procul tristas, procul ite curee;
Concinant omnes, resonent frequenti
Æthera plausu.
O nimis sociis populus, Britannia;
Quid tuis ultra precibus relictum;
Optimum (quid plus poterant) dedere
Numina Regem.

Ecce non diras citius procellas
Dissipant fratres gemini, catores
Nec tui forbent citius madentem

Cynthia, rorem :

Quam suus, Princeps bone, fulgor atras
Discipulis pubes, rediit serenum,
Horridis & lux tenebris resulsit
Alma fugatis
Imperês felix populo beato;
Invidi atroci rabie macerant;
Lentius ducant triplices iniqua
Fila Sorores.
Quan-

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Quando te sedes capient, relictis
Hisce cœlestes, bonus intueretur
Quas jugo victrix tua liberavit
Dextera gentes.

Gul. Ives Coll. Chr. Alumnus.

CArpere quem paucis multo licet absque labore
Ut tibi se prono vertice sternit Honos!
Omne venturi lætantur ut omnia sæcli
Ut rapit amplexus Terra Britannia tuos!
Nullæ hic obfistunt Alpes, immò haud tibi major;
Est vicisse, animo quam voluisse tuo.
Ipsa capi, Gens magna sciens prudensque volebat
Non sequitur Currus, prævenit ipsa tuos.
Hoc unum certamen erat juvenumque senumque
Quis prior *Auriaco* traderet arma *Duci*.
Ut meritò stupeat schola adhuc Magnetis amores,
Ferrum ad Te nostrum scilicet omne trahis.

Joh. Woodford Coll. Pet. Alumnus.

Magna quidem consulta Deum! sperare quod ausit
Non sibi sera Etas, præsens en attulit ultro!
Auspiciis jam se scelix melioribus Annus
Induit, & læti accelerant exordia Menses.
O Fortunatum bona qui sua noverat illo
Illo Rege, suis qui tot virtutibus alte

Evectus,

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Evectus, solus meruit, regnare vocatus;
Nam cùm servitium, cùm vis indigna gementes
Opprimeret Cives, infestoque agmine *Roma*
Instaret, varias jam certa immittere Pestes;
Cùm versuta foris formaret *Gallia* fraudes,
Atque domi vinc'lis, non æquo Judice, Legum
Eruptis, Genti impenderet certa ruina:
Omnibus afflictis, & vel labentibus ictu,
Vel propè lapsuris, unus tot fulmina contrà
Ibat, & elusis rapuit de faucibus Urbes.
Longe hinc fugisset Libertas aurea, quâ tam
Fœlicem ante alias jactat sese *Anglia* gentes,
Ni Rex magne aderas nobis, certâque levaras
Oppressas dextrâ Leges; ceu Filius olim
Alcmena, fessus cùm clàm decesserat *Atlas*,
Suppositis ruiturum humeris firmavit Olymum.

C. R. Coll. Regal. Soc.

Publici juris rapuere sedes
Improbi, pestes Patriæ; diuque
Legibus sanctis spoliata tristis
Anglia flevit;
Lata jam faustos, pereuntis olim
Imperii rebus sine cæde dirâ
Ritè compôstis, celebrat triumphos,
Te Duce, Princeps.

Quid Tibi salvi referunt *Britanni*,
Vindici tanto: tibi restituta
Regna debentur, tibi deferuntur
Debita Regna.

F

Scep-

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Sceptra, quæ vobis, Solio vacante,
Sunt data à Divis, teneatis annos
Nestoris, dextro Jove, Gulielme,

Tuque MARIA.

Vestra conservet Britonas Potestas;
Nec finat Gallos dominari inultos :
Adsit & Vobis, Dominis, Ierne

Supplice voto.

Sec'la sub Vobis, penitus beatis
Prole Regali rediviva surgant
Aurea, & nullos furibunda jactet

Roma triumphos.

The. Littleford, A. M. Coll. Christi.

PHœbus inexperto juveni quum Solis habenas
Indulgens crederet pater ;
Ille inconsultis obeuns erroribus orbem
Incendit mundi machinam :
Hunc tandem Altitonans deiecit fulminis ictu
Ad imas disturbans aquas ;
At Pater infœlix jam spes sibi moeret ademptas,
Sortemque indignatur suam ;
Ille diem & solem mortalibus invidet alumn,
Cœleste munus deserens ;
Nox & ubique horror : quin jam nec vivere dulcet
Remotis vitæ commodis :
Hoc ipsum fatum, atque ipsa hæc incommoda fati
Habeant nos miserrimos ;

Anglia

Musa Cantabrigienses.

Anglia corrueret, nisi votis Maxime Princeps

Indulisses rogantium :

Nunc interruptos instaurant omnia cursus,

Reditque ordo pulcherrimus.

Humano hæc fierent more, infestissimus hostis

Si jura devictis dares :

Vis erat in mentes : non desperatio Martis,

Sed armis uti nolebant.

Accipiant alii nascendi ex ordine regna,

At laus tua est quod merueris.

Tuque adeo Regina tenens confortia regni,

Subjectos ulque hospites :

Par pietas ambos, populi par cura salutis,

Amorque mutuus jungit :

Quum sic auspiciis junctis defendimur, omen

Habet lætos affore dies :

Ut quum ignes gemini soleant se ostendere nautis,

Tunc præsens certaque est salus.

M. Mills A. B. Regal. Coll. Socy

Sive prius laudes WILLEHELM, sive MARIAE

Musa canas, cantu dignus uterque tuo.

Hæc Regnum meritò sibi vindicat, Illius Ille

Rex est, jus in nos poscit uterque suum.

Ille tenet sceptrum dextrâ, meruisse videtur

Ille, & Foemineam sic regit Ille manum.

Ille hostes bello subigar, populûmque superbum,

Et justè iratum mulceat Illa Virum.

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Ambos junxit amor, junctos tenet una Potestas,
Verè servantur sic pia jura Tori.

Tho. Mallet A. B. Trin Coll.

EIA! triumphemus, luctu sese *Anglia* solvat,
Et ponat vanos, Te veniente, metus:

Sub duro custode diu gemuere *Britanni*,

Spes libertatis nulla relicta fuit,

Ni Deus ipse daret, dedit eni Deus ipse salutem,

Dum Tu sol rutilo major ab axe micas.

Gratus ades, recti libertatisque Satelles,

Regni spes, fulcrum, gloria, gratus ades.

Restituis priscam pietatem, atque integra jura

Et pacem, felix quicquid & inde fuit.

Quod tantis donum meritis æquum? *Anglia* possit

Cum dare nil majus, se dedit illa tibi.

Paremus prompti, Victor, tibi sume Coronam,

Sume triumphali debita Sceptra manu.

Seditione potens sua spicula sentiat, illum

Quamque inferre audet, justa ruina premat;

At Deus incolumem te servet, Maxime, nobis

Et tibi, foelicem det superesse diu.

Ro. Ayde C. C.

HEU quanti *Anglicum* cinxerunt æthera nimbi?
Heu quanta intonuere minæ? tantumne furori
Romano licuit? tantum potuere scelesti?

Ipsa

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Ipsa etiam sacras invasit pestis *Athenas*;
Flevêre *Aonides* mœstæ, flevitque *Minerva*.
At pius *Auriacus*, nautis ut sidus amicum,
Naufragium commune levat, sævumque minantes
Dispergit nubes, Solémque reducit apricum.
En tristes abiêre metus, timor exulat omnis,
Justitia, & pietas, veterum reverentia Legum,
Omniâque in priscum redeunt contexta figuram.
Ut cum præcipientem dederant *Phaethonta* quadrigæ,
Laxatâmq; poli compagem exusserat ignis,
Phæbus adest, rapratque manu fluitantia lora,
Exemplò meliôrê redit rectore soluti.
Machina, concentrusque poli, cœlique meatus:
Accipit *Anglorum* *Auriacus* sic ductor habenas,
Et vacuos æquo scandit moderamine currus.
Quos tandem nobis fas non sperare Triumphos
Talibus auspiciis: quis inermia fulmina *Romæ*
Horrescit? *Gallus* truces Magnûmq; Tyrannum?
Crescite virtutes, sacri gaudete Penates,
Vivite felices, jam fas est, vivite Musæ,
En perit lolium, & nobis sulcavimus agros.

Joh. Hayley Coll. Regal.

Britanniæ Περὶ Φιλίας & Gratulatio Ci-
vibus suis.

Indigenæ viſa eſt modo Diva Britannia Vati,
Non ſacerum, ut dudum, ſanguineumve Peplum,
Cultum.

Muse Cantabrigienses.

Cultum at Regicum, digessim quo Numismate vulsumque
 Ostentans, vittis & redimita caput
 Laurigerum, Atrophioque comas; in vincta retortasque
 In nodum; Levâ Palladis arma ferens,
 Dextrâ at pacificæ ramum prætendit olivæ,
 Gentibus ut cum dat foedera belligeris.
 Purpureâ tumidas pallâ velante papillas,
 Inque sinum refusa, sed retegente pedes.
 Ampliori humana species, sub imagine tali,
 Aligeram coluit Martia Roma Deam.
 Ingreditur curru celsam Trinobantidis Urbem,
 Quæ stant Legifera Templo sacrata Deorum
 Infidit bigæ, paræque innicitur hastæ
 Ingens quod Prostrum Concreto, turba frequens
 Plebis & Angligenæ Convenerat; ut solet olim,
 Indictis Themidos tunc operata sacris.
 Aure favent, oculisque horrendi in Virgine figunt
 Talis, Bellipotes, dum placido ore moratur
 Civibus Illa ego sum Numica Gentile Britanni
 PUBLICA LIBERTAS, exagitata modis
 Heu nimis indignis, sævos quos Alastoribus
 Sustineo; & missas in mea Regna faces?
 Illuc Romulida legum sacra foedera rumpunt,
 Turba gravis paci, & Genti inimica meæ;
 Hinc Lymphata caterva ruit furialibus ausis,
 Legitimis Dominis impia bella movens.
 Sistite; quo ruitis? tantum cohibete furorem;
 Sit satis externos sustinuisse dolos,
 Alter in alterius nè vertite viscera ferrum,
 Gallia quo melius jam spolianda foret.
 Parcite cognatas in bella lacerare Gentes,
 Proh pudor! an patrium est, quod latus ense petis?

Muse Cantabrigienses.

Dii melius! Dii bella procul scelerata relegend,
Inque meos hostes hoc, precor, omen eat.
Bella quid eventura canis mihi *futiles* augur?
Parce miser verbis, ominibusque malis;
Consiliis, vultusque aurem melioribus addas,
Et mea sit pietas non odiosa tibi.
Curia non Procerum? Non gens electa Senatus,
Utilius rebus consulere tuis?
Non quibus est probitas, rerum & prudentia major,
Mens rectique tenax, ingeniumque sagax,
Prospiciunt melius casus quoscunque futuros?
Et rumpant mihi si quæ aspera fata manent?
Hi juris nodos, & legum ænigmata solvant,
Nè dubiis subsint *Regia Jura* dolis.
Non Illi ambages, sed certa oracula fundunt
Qualia fatidico *Delius* ore *Dems*.
Atque adeo, *lecti Proceres*, celebrare frequenti
Conventu Augustam pergite ut ante *Domum*.
Tūque timendarum vindex acerrima legum
Curia, Propositum fortiter urge sacrum.
Nec vos transversim rapiant jam prava jubentes
Publicolæ, aut Gracchi, seditiosa cohors.
Quò petulans rabies, & plebis mobilis ardor!
Gens invicta aliis, ut tibi præda fores?
Non satis unius generis perisse ruina:
Cladibus aut patria non moveare tua?
Sanguinis abstineas, & quò discordia ducat.
Admoneat *Gemini* fors miseranda mei.
Cerne quis casu, vel quis ferus hostis ab austro,
Anglorum veniet qui populetur agros.
Aspice num infesta moveat quis remige *Iernan*,
Foedifragam, & sub ipso *Scotia* pressa gemas.

Quid

Musa Cantabrigienses.

Quid querar, an dubitas? patriis Gens finibus Exul
Dicet; carceribus vel tumulata tuis
Gallia; civili nunquam exsaturanda cruore
Gallia, finitimis infidiosa locis.
Quæ vos jam veterum cœpère obliviam fraudum?
Has potui aut rerum commeruisse vices?
An vos mutatae capiant fastidia fortis?
Futile consilium hoc, suggerit hostis atrox.
Gaudeat ut gemitu, & clarescat Roma ruinis,
Me ferient *Latii* fulmina dira *Jovis*.
Scilicet! ut mea sint itidem durissima Regna,
Cantaber ut *Minos*; aut *Rhadamanthus* habet
Gallus? & ut mihi sint Ergastula qualia *Thracum*?
Vel precio empta levi, aut *Marte* subacta truci
Mancipia; ut pecudum genus exercenda flagellis,
Ense, rota, Ponto, aut igne domanda sacro,
Pro lubitu; quoties *Quæstor* moverit urnam,
Vel *Siculis Dominis* qui minus æquus erit.
Cui tantum de me licuit: quo Numine, dic *Gens*
Romula, me adversum flectere vota jubes
Ceritos? mihi quo leges auctore refigis,
Aut figis? *Dominis* aut dominare *Meis*?
Sat sceleri at regnare datum est; jam fraudis abunde,
Hæresis & subolet perfida *Roma* tua.
Terrarum ut *Dea* sis! tu jus adimâsque, redonâsque
Ut lubet! an *Sancti* hæc jussa verenda *Patris*?
Non vacat antiquas patriæ renovare querelas:
Quam crudele odium, & vulnera quanta tuli,
Roma fictitios dum legibus arceo *Divos*?
Dum reparat vires sæva superstitio?
Ut scelus armatum, leges sed vidit inermes,
Gens mæa, *Papicolis* præda relicta lupis!

Quot

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Quot concussa malis, dubiisque exercita fatis

Ut fierem *his Dominis Serva nimis patiens!*

Ut vobis constet vanæ pietatis imago

Hæc dicar, meritis *Anglia* passa meis?

Credula mens hominum! quæ vos ludibria versant?

Quid vos terrificâ fabula fraude ligat?

Quos non vera tenent, mendacia ficta coercent,

Et simulacra timet, quæ sibi quisque facit.

At Tu, *Nassavica* & *Carolina* stirpis Alumne:

Quem, velut *Indigetes Anglia* grata colat;

Auspice Te, his terris dudum fugitiva *Virago*,

Jam *Genio*, & cœlo liberiore fruor.

Vindice Te, pietas, legum & veneranda potestas,

Et stabilis rerum nascitur ordo mihi.

Te Custode, redit reparatæ forma juventæ,

Et sacer Augusto qui fuit ore decor.

Decussos repetam pacis genialis honores,

Et cum primævâ simplicitate fidem.

Dúmque *Arâsque*, *Focûsque*, & sec'li jura relapsi

Erigis, *Aufoniis* quæ cecidere *dolis*;

Turpia nativos scœdantia stigmata vultus

Dum facis, ut populo sint aliena meo.

Dum cervice jugum, dum detrahis ore lupatum,

Quódque prius dorso triste pependit onus.

Dum tua virtutes describunt gesta *Paternas*,

Et geris *Anriacâ* prælia digna manu.

Belgica libertas quo *Defensore* tot annos,

Quo *Statore*, hodie non temeranda, viger.

Anglica Majestas dudum recidiva fatetur,

Quæ sit in *Anriacâ* visque salusque fide.

Musa Cantabrigienses.

O quantum Proavos, *Magni Cognominis heres*,
Quos virtute refers, auspiciis superas!
Hinc *GULIELME* tui stabunt monumenta decotis.
Hinc surgunt Titulis digna trophæa tuis.

Quas Tibi persolvam, generosa *Batavia*, grates,
Quod socia arma mihi, & tam properata dabas?
Quàm benè jam recolis, quàmque alta mente recondis,
Quas mea fudit opes fortis *Eliza* Tibi?
Quæ manus, aut virtus, quæque olim credita gaza est,
Legitimi in morem scænoris aucta refers.
Pro tali auxilio, pro defensoribus istis,
Jam *Batavâ* reddis, *Nassaviâque* fide,
O dignas, gratasque vices! O fœdera sancta!
Pro auxilio, auxilium!, proque salute, salus!
Jam sumus ergo pares. Tuto qui credere vultis,
Credite jam *Batavis*, credite *Arausiadis*.
O præstans animi quæ sic benefacta rependis
Mutua Gens Genti; & sic cumulanda putas!
O benè concordēs! sic omnia fœdera durent,
Anglis Nassavici quæ pèpigere *Duces*!

At quid abes, *MARIA*? redi natalibus oris,
Et nexu Gentes jam propiore liga.
Anglia Te revocat: redde, ô, venerabile Pignus
Stemmatis *Augusti* terra *Batava* mihi.
Te *Sponsus* repetit. *Themide* Auspice, voce *Senatus*
Ducere ad Patrios jam nova nupta lares.
Me spondente ambo dotale capeffite Regnum,
Gestet *Arausiades* sceptrâ, *MARIA* Globum.
Jamdudum Vos ad solium *Themis* aurea poscit,
Ipsa manu ducat, jam reditura simul.

Muse Cantabrigienses.

O ter sancta Hymenæa ! O nullis cognita sec'lis
Connubia ! *Adriacæ* qualia Gentis *Apex* ;
Nobile *Regnantum* vel par quod *Iberia* jactat,
Génſve mea, hostiles cum coiére *Rosæ* ;
Se panxisse negent. Hos *Natio victa*, triumphos
Gestio ; & hoc placitum, *tibara*, ferre jugum.
Quo licet, & potero fatis ore, & lege supremâ,
Jura recognosco hinc *Regi*, & Ille, mea.
O *Stator*, *Vindex*que, mihi charissime uterque
Pacis, & *Astrææ* jam redeuntis eris !
Certatim vobis, en, quot pia vota laborant ?
Indole nec vestra nobiliora vovent.
Deficere augurio, & spem fallere Gentis avaram
Neuter scis, *Patriâ* aut degenerare *fide*.
Exundans queritur jam nil superesse quod optet,
Dum Vos par populi, & militis ardet amor.
Maxime Rex, Reges superes Tu *Victor*, Avitos !
Optima *Regnatrix*, cedat *Eliza* Tibi !

Hæc Dea dum memorat ; superis delapsa, reversa est
Diva *Themis*, *Charis* & *Pacis* alumna *Salus*.
Cana *Fides*, Bonus *Eventus*, cœlestibus unâ,
Si quæ prætereâ Numina bella fugant,
Agglomerant, *Divæque* probant consulta *Sororis* :
Ut rata sint, nullo & dissoluenda dies
Juridicum repetunt *Catum* ; suffragia jungunt,
Votæque ; ter geminus plausus utrinque datur.
Tunc *Themis*, hinc *Proceram*, *Volgi* illinc stante *Coronâ*,
Infert se mediam, & talia jussa dedit.
Hic Decus, Hic *Virtus*. Quo *Libertatis* honestæ,
Ponatur sancto curitis *Ara* loco :

Musa Cantabrigienses.

Dicite. Io! Cives, terris prius omnibus, Humanam
 PUBLICA LIBERTAS jam colat. *Anglicanum*
 Dicite Io Paran! & Io! ter dicite. Vos hac
 En Belli, & Pacis, *Diva Sequestra* jubet.
 Civibus innocuis gestetur libera cervix;
 Verbera nec tergo, aut vincula cruce sonent;
 Jam nec tota trahas iterum Patrimonia;
Sanctior at Lex jam Iudicis ore, Regat.
 Nobilium posthac polluta cruore securis
 Publica non rubeat, *Judice Carnifice.*
 Vana superstitio, & divini falsus honoris sidus
 Cultus, & insula mos pietatis, abiit
 Non jam publicitus Delator terretur Urbes,
 Criminibusque novis oppida; quo intereat
 Funditus, & *Regimen sanctum, & Res Publica* legum
 Capta, heu! tendiculis impia Roma tuis.
 Audiit hac Vates, retulitque; ut vera ferantur,
 Sperat *legiferam* mox habitura fidem.

Joh. Laughton, A. M. Coll. Trin.

ECquis (Io) mecum victrici intexere lauro
 Ambitiosam hederam parat, & componere fertum
 Heroi ingenti? Vos Musa, lilia pleno
 Ferte sinu, vestro non est indignus amore;
 Namque illi gens tota Deum famulantur, Olympo
 Deserto, gaudent dulces impendere curas,
 Et coelum monstrare, & qua via ducit ad astra.
 Inde animo sacri motus, inde ardua volvit
 Mens, & grandi aliquo semper conamine fervet;

Inde

Muse Cantabrigienses.

Inde per horrendos fluctus, freta sæva, Britannos
Accessit, stabilire volens & figere Delon.
Illa quidem incoelix dubiis agitata procellis
Et maris & ventis rabiem metuebat iniquam,
Quò caput exereret violento gurgite mersum
Nescia, quo fletu, quâ numina voce moveret.

At postquam errantem terram firmaverat Heros,
Contremuit torquens incassum fulmina bruta
Roma ferox, Magnâ Gallus dominatus in aula
Contremuit, venturi horrens præfagia fati,
Quæ non falsâ animum, tropidum formidine ludunt
O quantus bello grassatur, quantus in hostes
Ingruit, & dextrâ dispergit millia læta
Quocunque ille ruit, præsens Victoria gestit
Ambire, & cupidis arcu complexibus urget
Nec mirum, Virtus ardens dum gliscit in imo
Pectore, dum magnas animi molitur habenas
Religio, secumque Deos in prælia ducit.

Quod si nil tanti meruit, placidissima conjux
Sufficeret magnos superos cœlique favorem
Conciliare viro. Quid enim Te, blanda MARIA,
Gratius aut superis aut cœlo dignius alto?
Te Pietas & honor cum Majestate verendâ
Circumfusa ornant; Tibi formam fassa minorem
Dat supplex Cytheræa Manus: Quin ipse Cupido
Qui solet atratis infligere vulnera telis,
Atque animum totum rapidis accendere flammis,
Ipse suam expertus poenam, sua spicula, vultus
Dulcibus illecebris trahitur captivus & ardet,
At Vos, ô Nymphae, Vos, regnes solvere Nodum
O Charites, procul hinc lascivum pellite Numen,
Exosos prohibete æstus, Sacra pectora curis

Nobi-

Muse Cantabrigienses.

Nobilius studium exerceat, diviniore ignis
Inflamat puræ lustrans penetralia Mentis.

E. Gaeth, Coll. Regal. Alumn.

Insula chara Diis, curas dimitte molestas
Diros pone metus, Insula chara Diis:
Auriacus Princeps foelices appulit oras;
Orbis Rectorem quem velit, Una tenes.
Ducere sive aciem gaudet, densisque cohortes,
Miratur *Belli* læta cadervs Deum;
Sive colit pacem *Gulielmus*, *Apollo* vocatur,
Et servat Populum provida cura suum.
Dicite quid superest, *Angli*, quid poscitis ultra?
Ut redeat vobis vestra *Maria*. Redite.
Foelices! quos in bello *Mars* ipse tuerur,
Et pacem exornans quævis nitet ipsa *Venus*.

Job. Robinson, Aul. Trin.

Iamdudum *Nassa* decus, *Auriacosque* triumphos
Debuerat regno fatorum ferrior ordo;
Ventu. umque diu præceperat *Anglia* Regem,
Prospectu gaudens dulci, scenisque remotis:
Cum subito, quanquam spatio distentis iniquo,
Antevolat satis, & spem prævertitur ipsam,
Impeiique subit curas, & mutat habenas.
Nos Dominum plausu excipimus, fremituque secundo,

Affur.

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Affurgitque viro *Phæbus*, *Græciæque* sorores
Insolitos ineunt *numeros*; quanta ille *tropæa*
Retrulerit *Barathrum*, & quas disiecerit *urbes*:
Intima quinetiam pandit *penetralia* limen
Fatidicum; laudesque *novas*, & facta futura
Effatur *Deus* ipse *adytis*, ut in *æthera* tollet
Se *Britanniam* decus; ut *scæperum* licet aruit *annis*
Auricomas iterum incipiet jam *fundere frondes*,
Augustamque *umbra*m, multoque *virescet honore*.
Oceani Rhodanus fugiet *conterritus undas*,
Terrificos revelietque *merus*: quot *viderat altas*
Ordinibus ferri puppes: quos *lenserat ipse*
Clamores hominum: quantisque *fragoribus æther*
Intonuit: tum *Neptunum* præferre *secundos*
In bellum *currus*, *Domânûmque* agnoscere *Ponti*.
Ecce *ferox* jamjam sese per *littora plena*
Effundit *legio*, captisque *exultat arenis*.

Salve *Magna salus patriæ*! *Tibi* semper *opima*
Mars referet *spolia*, atque *novos* in *tempora laurus*.
Te *Musæ* *sublime* fereant, *Tibi carmina dicent*.
Amnèsque, *sylvæque altæ*, *præruptæque saxa*:
Aspice *felici* *latentur* ut *omnia pace*.
Ceu quondam *infausto* cum *fidere* *tristis Orion*
Exoritur, *lignobremicans*, atque *aëra turbat*,
Equoræque *vadis undas* *evertit ab innis*:
Tum subito *nautis* si forte *vocantibus* *adfir*
Castor, & ipse *polo* *succedens* *regnet aperto*,
Deservet ponti rabies, *Audis*que *residunt*,
Plausibus & *lætæ* *pandunt* *stridentibus alas*
Halcyones, *luduntque* *choris* per *cærula Nymphæ*.

At *Tu* *foemineâ* quæ *non æqualia dextrâ*
Sceptra *tenes*, *pallâmque* *auro* *bacclisque* *rigentem*

Ex

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Ex humeris Regiña trahis, sollemnia ritè
Pieridum dona accipias, cultusque paratos,
 Ecce Tibi vario hæcunt de flore coronam,
 Purpureasque legunt violas, per rura puellæ,
 Lætanturque operis: Tibi ver maturius instat,
 Et *Zephyri* lenes auris, mirantur euntem
Angligenum matres, oculosque per omnia volvunt,
 Incessumque, decusque oris, lumenque genarum,
 Cervicemque altam, magnique insignia regni.
 Qualis ad *Eurota* ripas ludentibus Ipsa
 Ingreditur *Dianna* choris, vel qualis in altis
 Effulget coelis *Ariadna*, Deumque maritum
 Affidet, & juncto longè splendore cornicat.

Ant. Reid, Coll. Regal. Alumn.

Qualiter æquoreis surgit cum *Phæbus* ab undis,
 Et spargit radio nobiliore diem,
 Obscenæ fugiunt volucres, lemuresque, sagæque,
 Ferre nequit clarum foeda caterva diem:
 Haud secus affiduis precibus votisque vocatus,
 Cum terram *Angliacam* major *Apollo* beat,
 Pontificesque, Papamque, & cætera monstra barathri,
 Lux invisa malis, Religioque fuganti.

Ed. Carteret, Coll. Trin. Commens.

Rerum

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Rerum certa salus, terrarum gloria, Princeps,
Martis amor, nostræ & Rex GUILIELME, togæ,
Mens generosa Atavos non est mentita vetustos,
Pace tua est pietas cognita, Marte manus.
Solvat qui dignas lætata Britannia grates,
Dum viget in terris, te Duce, grata salus.
Auspiciis dum nostra tuis gens Angla triumphat,
Et redeunt niveis aurea secla rotis.
Candida dum Superos, regnum & Cœleste reliquit
Alstræa, ætherii fida ministra Jovis.
Dum mala tempestas belli desæviit, urbes
Pax fovet, & pleno copia larga sinu.
Rura quies secura colit, Mercator inermis
Impavido Oceani remige sulcat aquas.
Munera dum Cereris, dum munera dulcia Bacchi
Luxuriantur agris, omnia grata, suis.
Nunc sua Pieriis succedunt otia, Musis
Et laudes celebrant, Rex GUILIELME, tuas.
Quin procul hinc solitas posthac exerceat artes
Nec notis speret fallere Roma dolis:
Casareâ firmata manu felicia Regna
Spernere & ulcisci jam didicere minas.

Jacobus Wescomb Aul. Trin. Commensal.

Ad REGEM.

Finivit longas tandem lassata querelas
Anglia, sedanturque emoti in pectore fluctus,
H Jam

Muse Cantabrigienses.

Jam lux alma redit, redeunt Saturnia regna
Cæsaris adventu, reboant clamoribus æther.
Atque importunis precibus pia turba laborat,
Albion, eia! veni! ingeminat, cumulâque triumphos;
Sic pergas, Rex magne, tuos usque usque beare
Angligenas, tecum reduces qui pectore lato
Ceperunt leges, liberratæque redemptas,
Auspicisq; tuis prædulci pace fruuntur:
Stertis adhuc heu! tarde nimis, Pater almæ dierum:
Alipedes jungantur equi, conscendo curram,
Des mundo radios, ad propria regna repellas
Damnosas tenebras, neque enim felicis unquam
Sollicito per-grata dies caput obtulit orbi:
Ducite de tecto mea carmina, ducite Regem,
Confortemque piam, & Diadema imponite sacrum.
En! Coelum clangore tubæ, rauceq; canentes
Campanæ lacerant, montes clamore resultant:
Quin summos conscende polos, divina Theatra
Inspice & invenies Vestræ, Rex, conscia Pompe;
Jam nova lætandi series, Gentique recurrunt
Priscus honos, & fama, catenatique triumphi.
Vosque simul comitata novo splendore resurget
Alma dies, nullis unquam obducenda tenebris.

Ad REGINAM.

Longum vota damus, longum spem fallimus ægram
Ancipites, fessisque oculis spectavimus æquor;
Cum tandem, emenso pelago, pulcherrima visu
Tanquam Aurora rubens, pedibusve argentea *Tethys*
Surgis ab oceano, Regina *Britannica*, nostro;

Undique

Musa Cantabrigiensis.

Undique stipato concurrunt agmine Nymphae,
Adventumque tuum læto clamore secundant,
Et quacunque juvat contendere, semita multo
Pondere pressa gemit, longo stant ordine turmae
Dispositæ, quisque ut tantæ miracula formæ
Intentis oculis, avidoque exhauriat ore:
Undique mox lætis clamoribus insonat æther,
Atque piis votis fervet gens *Anglica*, clamant
Vivat in æternum *MARIA* Serena! beantque
Dii regnum, *Angligenis* succedat longa propago,
Aurato *Titan* lustrat dum lumine terras.

W. Perse, Coll. Christ. Alumnus.

Ad REGEM.

A Dyenis *Angliaco*, Princeps, Gratissimus orbi;
Nunc si quando mihi, Turba novena fave.
Sed quò non surgat, Tanto Duce & Auspice, Granta!
Porrigit en! faciles ad nova pensa manus.
Temporis & meminit, quo, ceu *Latonia Delos*
Adventu, fixa est *Anglia* nostra, tuo.
Quàm sacra Navis erat, plenis *Jovis* omine velis,
Vincere quamque potens signa inimica tibi!
Te, sacrum Auxilium, quæ nostras vexit ad oras,
Ut nos dextra eadem protegat, inde regat.
Quantæque in attonito stetit æquore *Pinea* moles,
Armorum radiis dum tremula unda micat.
Terribile Auxilium visum est sperantibus ipsis,
Vix solitos populus dediticere metus.

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Tum fregit vires aduerso in milite caussa,
 Quis fortis ! cum vel vincere crimen erat.
 Quales optemus Tibi, Princeps Magne, triumphos,
 Cui Victrix nullo sanguine palma madet ?
 Si miles meruit salvo uno cive coronam,
 Debita pro cunctis Regia ferta Tibi.
 Præsidium fias, quod tuta Ecclesia jactet,
 Téque vocet Natum læta Patrémque simul.
 Jam tandem auxilium memoras victricis *Elisa*,
 Cum timuit durum *Belgia* tota jugum.
 Cùm tumidi *Hispani* fortes sensère *Britannos*,
 Et mole Imperium corruiat inde suâ.
 Nec Defensorem Te Patria ploret ademptum,
 Ipse licet Magnus vel *Lodoicus* adest.
 Nam qui vicinæ gaudet succurrere genti
 Non poterit Patriæ non memor esse suæ.
 Et qui poenè Puer tantus Tibi, *Gallia*, terror ;
 Quantum cum jam sit, Rex, & adultus, erit !

G. G. A. B. Coll. Pet.

Χαῖρε βροτῆρ' κούδισε, Διὶ φίλε, ἵσε τ' Ἀρηί, χαῖρε μάλα·
 Αὐραναῖο ἄνθρωποι πολὺ τέκνον' Ἀεσέ·
 Τίς ποτε Ἀγγλιακῶν αὐτῶν φρεσὶ βάλλετ' ἰδέσθαι
 Τοῖον χάριμα βροτῆρ' τε καὶ ἡμῶτα ἀλκυονέτα·
 Τῷ δ' ἕνεκ' ἡχέστω καὶ ἀπὸν κλαγγήν τ' ὀνοπήν τε
 Χαερὸν πῶν Ἀγγλων· Κλυετοὶ πόθεν οἶδε δειάμβρα·
 Ἦδη γ' ὁ δῆμος εἶχεν πένθη τε φόβον τε·
 Θηλυπερεὶ δρήμῃ, ἄνδρες τετρήπτες ἔζον,
 Οὐς πολέμοιο, κακῷ θ' εἶλεν ἡλωρὸν δέον· οἴτῃ.

Ἀλλὰ

Musa Cantabrigiensis.

Ἄλλα σὺ δ' ἀσπαστὸς πάντας, Διοτρεφὲς, ἦλθες,
 Ἡμετέραν γῆν μῦθ' ἰδὲ, ταῦτ' αἶψα δ' ὄρμας
 Κόδεα, ποιήσας φέδξιν κακότητι βαρεῖαν,
 Ὡς ὅτε ταρφεῖαι νεφέλαι μὲλ' ἀολλέες εἰσιν.
 Οὐρανὸν δ' αἰ μύσους, ἀρχὴν ὧν καὶ κέχνητ' ἀχλὺς,
 Ἡελίοιο ἔσται ριπῆς αἶψ' ἐκποπόνται.
 Ἡτοι Ζεὺς μάλα κινδύον ἐβόλετο ἐγχαλίζων,
 Σοὶ, φέρπης ἀνδρῶν, εὖ γάρ σ' ἄν' εἶδεν Ὀλύμπῳ.
 Ῥηιδίως ἀρετῇ πρὸς πάντων εἴ) αἶσαν,
 Ἀξίότητι πῆ, τιμῇ κ' ἐκ ἀρμοῦ εἶδεν
 Βελγίδῳ, δὲ ἀρχὴν μὲν αἰμεινονα βέλετ' ὀρέξαι,
 Κ' Ἀγγλιακὴν ποιεῖν σ' ἥρωα καὶ ὄρσασιν Ἀγγλων.
 Ὡ πόποι, ἦ μάλα κεν περσέφεις ἐστὶν ἰδέσθαι
 Δήμοις θαυμάζον, χρόνον γὰρ Βροσπομνίδα γαίῃα ἱκαγείν
 Χρῦστον. Ἄλλ' αἰεὶ θαυμάζετε καὶ μελὶ περθε,
 Ῥωμαῖοι, Κέλ), καὶ ὑπερφρονέοντες Ἴερνοι,
 Οὐ γὰρ χεραισμήσθ' ὑμῖν κακὴν τε καὶ ὄντο, π,
 Οὐ γὰρ παῖς ὑμῶν ἄμα πάντων, ὑδ' ἐκράτος π.
 Ἔσεται ἡμετέρων νῆσων διαπαρδερῶν ὄψις.
 Ἐκφείξουσ' ἑσθροὶ, Βασιλεῖς, σὺν ῥυτίδ' ἰδόντες,
 Καὶ πόν, ὦ Βασίλισσά, φίλῃς μείδημα σαώσῃ.

Andreas Baden, A. B. Coll. Regin.

In REGEM.

Amphion olim, dulci modulamine victor,
 Thebarum erexit moenia celsa, lyra,
 Nec non & patris cantando montibus Orpheus,
 Lenivit numeris quæque timenda suis.

Jam.

Musa Cantabrigienses.

Jam longè major nostrum illustravit ævum,
 Qui trahit armatas in sua castra manus,
 Conciliatque sibi; est rabies innoxia, novit
 Tam divinâ hostes arte domare feros.
 En! etenim *Auricâ* servata *Britannia* *Dextra*
 (Illa solet miseris rebus adesse manus)
 Diruptas conjunxit opes, tandemque tumultus
 Compositi letos restituere dies.
 Non abit in pejus semper vitiosior ætas,
 Nec quamvis semel est, Ferrea semper erit,
 Se fugit hæc certe, priscumque recurrit in aurum;
 Debita virtuti Laus, *GULIELME*, tua.
 Sed quid ego *Icarior* imitater eammine infuse
 Heu chelys in laudes non satis ulla tuas
 At quamvis modicam *Phæbus* mihi tradidit artem,
 Vota tamen, si non carmina, vatis habe.

In REGINAM.

L Audavere *Helenam* veteres, formamque decoram,
 Ardentesque oculos, purpureasque genas:
*Penelope*s alii famam tecinere perennem,
 Servavit vacuum quæ benè casta torum;
 Artificique manu *Cytheream* pinxit *Apelles*,
 Et *Troja* columnen sculpta *Minerva* stetit;
 Auferat hinc Pictor tabulas, Versuque Poeta;
 Laudare, aut *MARIAM* pingere, nemo potest;

Ed. Wadsworth. Coll. Regal. Aluma.

Ad

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Ad R E G E M.

Rerum certa salus, & nostræ gloria terræ,
Currit in amplexus *Anglia* læta tuos.
Vota Tibi supplex fundit *Britannia* reque,
(Solemus surgentem *Parfica* terra) colit.
Et tecum cum sponsa micat, (sicet ante negatum est)
Jactabunt soles sæcula nostra duos.
Scande triumphales igitur, *Rex* in *elyte* ! sedes,
Et quæ sponte offert *Anglia*, sceptrâ cape.
Ecce tuo adventu nova sentit gaudia terra,
Ridet, & aspectus induit illa novos.
Aspera brumâ, tuo, est, posito jam frigore, mitis.
Et pede festinans, ver properante venit.
Alma olim virtus terras invia scelestas,
Cum pace, è coelo (te veniente) redit.
Te! quem onerata sacrâ sequitur victoria laurus,
Ut, Tibi dum nectitur serra, levatur onus!
Ipsa oculos (olim viduata) *Ecclesia* tollit,
Nec manet in sacris invida gutta, genis.
Propugnatoris te nomine læta salutat,
Vivit enim auspiciis religio ipsa tuus.
Tu fidei titulo es, & re defensor, ad arma
Perge, & de castris saepe redibis, ovans.
Tunc si vel *Phæbus* nobis lucem ipse negarit,
Splendida erit radius *Anglia* tota tuus.
Et meritò post innumera, & bene parata trophæa,
Præmia cum tellus solvere iusta nequit.

Muse Cantabrigienses.

In coelum tutò ascendas, sed serus, ab ipso
— Ut tandem accipias munera digna Deo.

M. Jacobus Lardner, Coll. Chr. Alumn.

*In Rempublicam periclitantem, & mox
Auspiciis Gulielmi restitutam.*

Imitatio Horatii Epod. 16.

Altera nunc *Angli* Mariana enascitur ætas,
Suisque gens superba legibus perit.
Jam redit impietas, redeunt *Junonia* regna,
Parentibusque abominata servitus.
Romanusque iterum generosa heu! colla *Britannum*
Superbiente Pontifex premit pede.
Nos manet heu! quicquid *Pharii* subiere coloni,
Tullive *Memphis* execrata civitas:
Nos manet æternæ noctis palpabilis umbra,
Madenda rursus & cruore flumina.
Nos iterum obscoenæ infestant (Gens calva) locustæ,
Sollique læta devorant novalia.
Ranarumque genus, *Lætia* incrementa paludis,
Frequentat ipsa Principis cubilia.
Christe graves olim gentis miserate labores,
Fidele rebus o levamen arduis,
Si tuus hic populus soli tibi thura ministrat,
Piæque castus invocat Deum prece,

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Adfis ô! Bonus, & præsentî occurre ruina,
Gregem tuere vindici manu tuum
Audiit Omnipotens, & vox mihi fertur ad aures
Futura, mox futura fata præcînens.
Aurîacus Princeps, genus alto à sanguine Regum,
Avita rura Patriamque deserens,
Anglorum campos, & regnata arva *Britannis*
Eques sonante verberabit ungula.
Ille *Italîum* diivos, *Latii* simulachra superbi
Refulminante dissipabit impetu.
Illum omnis juvenumque manus patresque sequentur,
Simulque Virginum chorus decentior.
Illius exultum circa tentoria ludent,
Canentque læta præscientium omina.
O nimium dilecte Deo! quo milite sævas
Retundit ille Victor inferum minas.
Te pietas te prisca fides comitantur euntem,
Reduxque Virgo, Faustitasque candida;
I, Decus, I, nostrum, concessis utere fatis,
Tibi que destinata sume præmia.
Aurea tunc *Anglis* labentur sæcula, rerum
Tenente fræna Rege coelitus dato.

Jo. Exton Aul. Trin. Commensal. & nuper Defuncti.
Tho. Exton Equitis Aurati Filius natu Maximus.

Ad R E G E M.

Quam bene majores didicisti effingere tantos,
Bella cruenta sciens, ficca & obire sciens!

Musa Cantabrigienses.

Attentas apertos aditus & tempora, nolens
Lethiferâ, nimium fervidus, ire manu.
Funestos ponis jam nunc generosior enses;
Perventum ad laudes nobiliore via.
Antiqui bella Plerosq; bella atra flete!
Venturique nova hæc discite, blanda nova!
Hic in vota ipsum poris est impellere Martem;
Fortunæque, ut vult, imperitare vagæ.
Vivit *Alexander* quod Noctem discidit: arte
Explicuisse, tui est gloria, sola tui!

W. Donne Coll. Regal. Alumn.

Subverfas leges, sublataque jura, piæque
Inductas fraudes, *Roma* gaudente, *Britanni*
Vidêrunt olim tristes, plenique timoris:
Tu tandem Vindex venisti gratus ad oras
Angliacas, Princeps; Tecumque *Astræa*, relictis
Sedibus ætheris: ex quo *Saturnia* regna
Surgunt; & læti potiuntur legibus *Angli*.

Dii, quibus est curæ Sceptrum regale. *Britannum*,
Regem Magnanimum servant, nostramque benignam
Reginam; & faciant, multis faustisque diebus
Imperio sine fine dato, populique fideli
Affectu, & tandem præclarâ Stirpe beatos.

Tho. Wolryche Coll. Christ. Commensal.

Muse Cantabrigienses.

DUdum Cyclopum difficilis labor
Procudit ontes, & clypei plicas;
Alata dudum Diva laurās
(Admonitu Jovis, & Deorum)
Necit coronas, præmia frontium
Victricium: quin impiger arripis
Oblata Divūm Magne: Mugus
Sume Deæ decus ambientis.
Quantum Britanni militis indoles
Invisa Gallis, auspice te geret!
Prælagus exultat superbos
Præcinuisse animus triumphos.
Incumbit alto gurgite classium
Turrita Moles; ostia Sequanæ
Intrat trementis, fluviumque
Prævius horror agit fugatum:
Infundit altum Lutetiæ metum
Amnis recurrens; jam trepidat recens
Tyrannus audax (Herculemque
Hoc referens, quod ubique raptar)
Tendit fugacem sistere militem,
Terrore sed mox obrutus improbo
Depromit aurum; doctus aurum
Sæpius opposuisse ferro
Non in duellum se dabit imparem,
Expertus olim, quid valuit vigor
Nassaviensis, quantus armis
Intonuit juvenis superbis:

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Vixdum virilem cum induerat togam,

Ad arma fervens exiit pia ;

Ulturus atroces rapinas,

Gallia & indomitos furores.

Victor latronum reppulit impetum,

Fecitque famæ nobile postera

Omen, triumphales quæ ætas

Firmior hinc repetet coronas.

Hæc bellicosus conveniunt viris ;

Sed foeminis est & sua gloria,

MARIA non tendit mariti

Anxia participare laurus.

Non *Martis* cestro percita terribos

Accendit ignes sub penetralibus

Cordis furentis ; leniorem

Pectoris æde focillat ignem.

Vestalis instar nutrit in intimis

Mentis sacratæ flammam adytis piam ;

Si fortè sentit nictitare,

Particulam refovet micantem.

Decora virtus, & Pietas fero

Purgata Zelo, haud absque superbia

Pietas tueri se volentes

Te speculi vice contuentur.

Quantò refulsit grator omnibus

Minerva, candentem *Cypria* Dea

Si quando formam mutuata

Accubuit dapibus Deorum :

Tantò *MARIÆ* blandius emicat

Dotata fidi pectoris indoles,

Adepta corpus Gratiarum

Blanditus opulentum opimis.

Musæ Cantabrigienses,

Par floreatis nobile **Conjugum** !
Futura Regnis æqua ruentibus ;
Æquæ tenaces ingruentis
Temerè fulmen inane **Bullæ** !
T. Evans, Coll. Regal. Alumn.

Sic semper in fumos
Diræ Ecclesiæ *Romanæ* conjurationes
Abest, Abeant,
Sic semper nefanda ejus molimina
Frustrantur,
Et hujusmodi argumentis
Contra *Infallibilitatem*
Disputetur.
O dilecta superis *Angliæ* !
Sic quotidie aut à miseris magis tuta
Aut felicitate magis aucta
Efflorescas :
In Quam tot Fulmina
Ab inerranti licet manu torta
Nihil valere,
Sed in æternam *Machinantium* perniciem retorquentur.
Heu quanta Te manebant mala,
Quæ filo, vel *Damoclis* tenuiore,
(! Pendentia,
Præsentem intentabant ruinam !
Et hoc supplicium quidam meruere
Execranda gentis scelera :

Et

Musa Cantabrigienses.

Et hoc damno gladio noster Deos ?
Quidni meritò iratos teneret Deos ?
At en opportune adstat,
Qui Tibi præsidio & salutis præsto est,
Qui Te cum extremâ sorte luctantem,
Periculisque ferè obrutam
Eripuit,
Solvitque dignum jam se vindice nodum,

GULIELMUS,

Nomen auspiciatissimum !
Nassavia Domus & Bavarum ingens decus,
Princeps : Mod quid pluribus opus est ?
GULIELMUM solummodo dominasse sat est.

Machæ nova Imperio Princeps,
Quaque servasti Populos,
Eâdem diù tenearis manu,
Thronumque tutus, ferisque occupes.
Tu ad Romanas fraudes detegendas
Natus, & Equilix

Pergas eludendo foelicissimus.
Sed quo me capis nimis audax Musa ?
Tunc putas parem esse his laudibus
Calamum tuum ?

Hic Epiniciis
Humiles nos suscitatos ?

Age verò,
Quâ potes arte carmen pangito,
Fœlicitatemque nostram
(Eheu si novimus !)

Pro copiâ tuâ celebrato.

At siste parum,
Dic mihi si potes,

Muse Cantabrigienses.

Cur Gaudia moramur nostra,
Et ambiguo corde lætitiā concipimus,
Et ambiguo ore salutem precamur :

(Quasi *Anglico-Roma*

Etiānum quid monstri aiebat :

Quid est ?

An jam jam morituri,

Supremūque spiritus anhelantes

Salutiferam manū inculāmus :

Poculūque

(Quod languentibus nobis minus cordi est)

Volentes scientesque repudiamus :

Quid est ?

An portum foeliciter nacti

Iterum procellas meditāmur :

Rubrumque emensi mare

Egyptum expetimus servitutē,

Atque humiles Deos :

Quid hæc sunt ?

Quantum infantiæ redolent :

Interruptam unquam posse Regni tranquillitatem

Hoc Rege, hac Ecclesia, his Legibus

Salvis :

Gavete, vero ut miremini,

Fortia enim nisi fortibus,

Bona nisi bonis non placent :

Quem verò sapientes, pilque omnes

In deliciis habent,

Hoc etiam sibi laudi ducat

A cæteris non amari.

En quanta nunc speranda bona :

Sub

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Sub Principe,

Qui leges colet, firmatamque legibus Ecclesiam!

Qui labantis sæculi Restitutor,

Religionis & Monarchiæ Columna,

Impetui *Britannici* ruentis *Atlas*,

Christiani orbis Destina,

Anglia nostræ *Marcellus* idem erit & *Fabius*.

Salve igitur Rex invictissime,

Tu nobis placidos & serenos volvis dies

Sudumque cælum præstas :

En! Tibi laud impar comes,

Repleto venit *Copia* superba cornu,

Dum ubique ingentes sui triumphi notas

Spargit, explicat, diffundit:

Dum Orbis noster, exclusus Orbe,

Fatis imperat,

Nec reliquis dolet abscissa Terris,

Fortunata Insula,

Mundum quæ tenet domi beatior.

Pergas nos, Princeps Illustrissime, beare,

Dum amabilem colum

Seris usque Nepotibus potelent Fata.

Nos interim, Fœlices *Britanni*,

Ob salvam nobis Religionem,

Sospitator tanto

Grates meditemur quam plurimas,

Ne quæ ab Hostibus perire non potuit,

Ea per nosmetipsos perisse videatur.

Edw. Oliver Art. Bac. C. C. C.

Votum

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Votum pro REGE.

P Arcite, Fatales sortes, pro *Cæsare* posco,
Vitæ hujus lento pollice flamen eat.
Ad Te jam, Gradive Pater, convertor, & oro,
Æternum victrix cingat oliva caput.
Jam stet fumantes pinguis casurus ad aras
Taurus Cæruleo victima grata Deo.
Fac, *Neptune*, precor, Tibi si committere malit
Arbitrium, & pugnae si dare jura sua.
Fac, precor, ut Classis tuto tua Regna pereret,
Unda rati discat parcere iussa levi.
Te nec inoratum interea, *Cyrrhae*, relinquam,
De Te pendet enim dulcis & alma salus.
Imperturbato ducatur vita tenore,
Abstineat sacro corpore morbus atrox.
At jam prostratus sanctum *Pantheon* adoro,
Atque unâ pronus Numina cuncta precor,
Si quid adhuc Coelum possit donare merenti,
Ulterius, meritum vix superare potest.

Richardus Hopkins A. B. Trin. Coll.

EN! cincta lauro tempora Nobili!
Iulque a Paternis scindere fascibus
Insigniores ad Coronas,
Non humiles meruit triumphos.

Ergo

K

Namque

Muse Cantabrigiense.

Namque incruentâ quis potuit manu,
Paucove fultus milite, Patrios

Augere splendores, ferôsque

Adjicere Imperio *Britannorum*

Ad Regna trita est heu nimium via

Rapina, cædes, & dubia necis

Fortuna, sed divam potestatem

Insolitis operatur armis

Nil magna virtus amula Numinum

Molitur usquam prodigio minus,

Quocunque tendat, posse credas

Auspiciis, caruisse Divum

Ut fluctuantem, sustulit Insulam

Et stare iussit Numen, *Apollinis*

Ad verba nostri sic ruentes

Exserere caput *Britanniæ*

Lux ecqua nostra latior Insulet

Affulsit? Ecquid dulcius *Anglia*

Majusve speres, cum relictas

Paxque, salusque restituta omni

Labore nullo jam licet hostium

Utcunque turmas vincere feceras;

Auguste Princeps, seu dolosis

Bella pares metuenda Celtis;

Vides triumphis, tu restitui potes

Gallia subactis; five ad *Hyberniam*

Ulcurns ibis pertinacem

Cedet in imperium Rebellis.

Non humiles meritis triumphos
Insigniores ad Coronas
Rich. Watts Coll. Trin.

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

ERgo ades! O nostris hospes gratissimus Oris!

Ergo ades! O miseris unica missa salus!

Quin neque Te infida timuisti credere terræ?

Nec mille adversis obviare malis?

Non Te dulcis amor patriæ? non blandior ira

Conjugis auxilium detinere tuum?

Nimirum obsistunt frustra; dum gloria magnum

Heroa accendens nobile sternit iter;

Huc ille intrepidus properat jam jamque ruentis

Prompta subit victrix dextera gentis onus;

Auspiciis, Dux magne, tuis rediviva *Britannis*

Pulsa diu redeunt Gloria, vita, salus;

Ut Tibi Regales gaudet summittere fasces

Anglia, & optato dat sua colla iugo!

Ut fugiunt tristes rugæ, cœcique timores!

Et rerum facies pulchrior orbe nitet!

I quò fata vocant; timisque & honoribus acta

Te Duce, Te salvo, surgat *Avita* domus.

Neville. Coll. Chr.

Quantus Amor nostri Te, Rex fortissime, charam

Uxorem, & Patrios linquere adegit agros!

Quo tandem vinclo miseri attraxere *Britanni*?

Qui Miseri auxilium promerere Tuum?

Scilicet experti quid velles, *Invida Roma*,

Novimus, has artes sæp' timuisse semel.

Musa Cantabrigiensis.

Unda prius tentata, & ventis credita vela,
Sed nec profuerant vela, nec unda Tibi;
Altera restabat via credita certior, at Nos
Extulit, & salvos fecit ab Igne Deus:
Sed Tibi debetur, quod & hæc vitavimus, & Te
Regnantem, Princeps Magne, *Britannia* habet.
Nempe regis, poteras modo quas defendere gentes,
Quosque dabas, placidos nunc facis ire, dies.

Rob. Hitch, Trin. Coll.

Senatus ad R E G E M.

JAM firmata malis floret Res *Anglica*; jam non
Oppressam Gentem sic jacuisse piget.
Hoc Tibi debetur, Princeps clarissime, quod non
Protrahit ingratas vita odiosa moras.
A Te servatos, Tu nunc rege, sæpe vocatus,
Ne spernas Populi publica vota Tui.
Frustra, si non sint hæc propria munera nobis,
Optatas celebrat Terra *Britanna* vices.
Importuna nimis revocet nec *Belgia*; virtus
Nec tua Te oblatum spernere munus agat.
Hic saltem vincit patris; nostra libenter
Consiliis aderit dextra fideique tuis.
Dixerat hæc, dubia confusus mente Senatus
Ne renuat meritis *Sceptra* minora suis.

Tandem

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Tandem dignatur sublimam ascendere sedem ;
Numina sic Genti consulere suæ.

E. Battie, A. B. Coll. Regal. Soc.

Surgat Io ! læto jam salva *Britannia* vultu.
Reddunt optatam Nubila pulsa diem :
Exue pullatas, *Veneranda Ecclesia*, vestes,
Propitio possis tutior esse Deo.
Unde tamen venit illa salus ? Quo Numine ? Quisnam
Fecerit afflictis otia grata Deus ?
Ille, Ille, *Angliaci* column, spes unica Regni,
Rebus in adversis sola vocanda Salus,
Auriacus, sæc'li Princeps, Decus, Ornamentum,
Atque ingens Nostræ Relligionis *Atlas*.
Nosco manum : immenso autem oneri non (crede) Minores
Sufficerent humeri-----
Egregias dicant laudes uno ore *Camæna*,
Chorda nec ambiguis diffonet una sonis :
Cur tam fera tamen, cur gaudia nostra moramur ?
Cur non Statori ponitur Ara *Jovi* ?
Num tædet lucis, num inviti vescimur aurâ ?
Num salvos salvâ poenitet esse rate ?
Scilicet hoc vitium est cunctis scelicibus unum,
Cum stant in portu, cum timor omnis abest,
Obliti Authoris : factum scelus esse tenetur ;
Victori & iustus Palma negatur honos.
Illa velut Gens chara Deo, jam libera, Numen
Vincula quod pedibus solverat ante suis

Con:

Muse Cantabrigienses.

Contempsit, veteres cupiens ingrata Tyrannos,
Spernens munifici iussa benigna Dei.

Accipe submissum, Rex Invictissime, sceptrum,
Et quâ servasti, Regna tuere, manu.
Sis bonus & scelixque tuis : Te prospera ducant
Numina bellantem, Te redeunte dies
Det Pax alma bonos : Te dignum Fata coronant
Prospera, Te ad partes inclyta scena vocat.
Agnoscit solum Te oppressa Ecclesia Patrem,
Te Defensorem Lex violata petit.
Hæc tua vicinos corrumpit fama Triumphos
Tandem detectæ sunt, Ludoice, doli.
Auriacum nomen *Cadomi* territat Arcem,
Campos terribiles detonuere soni.
Palantes video *Gallorum* hinc inde maniplos.
Qui totam *Europam* terruit, ipse tremuit,
Diffusa perjuræ trepidant penetralia *Roma*.
Vix *Lateranensi* est firma Cathedra *Jovi*.

Vive, & vince, precor, Regum Charissime, vivas,
Atque geras æquâ Sceptra timenda manu.
Regina indubiâ faciat Te Prole Parentem,
Quæ nitet Imperii par Thalamique comes.
Te viles casulæ, Te magna Palatia laudent,
Quod rarum est, Regem sentiat Aula prium.
Aut nunquam, aut serò, de Te mors atra triumphet,
Quam tristis nobis heu foret ille dies!
Sis tamen, & fallax dum flagrat *Roma*, superstes,
Tollit & impurum *Fistula* tarda senem.

Utque

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Utque Reformatum vidisti Illustrior orbem,
Tum licet ut mutant Invida Fata vices.

Joh. Conold, Aul. Pemb. Al.

Ad REGEM.

HOS movet ambitio, vindictæ hos dira Cupido :

Excitat hos mendax Religionis amor.

Paucos ad bellum belli pulcherrima causa

Pax, in prædones iræque iusta ciet.

At patriæ, tu magne Pater! tua maxima laus est

Solari miseros, debilitare malos.

En! tua bella ferunt pacis bona: pacis in armis

Tu cultor, palmam tu sine cæde refers.

Hostem indignantem perturbas fulmine iusto;

At victum blando mitis amore foves.

Ergo lætantur Britones, sperantque futuros

Sub vestro imperio dulcius ire dies,

G. Vernon, Coll. Regal. Alumn.

Ad REGEM.

Dulcis amor Batavum, populi spes alma Britanni,
Quem placide miseros sustinuisse iuvat,

Solen-

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Solennem *Panna* inter, lætòsque triumphos,
Blandula ne mollis carmina sperne *Tyrs*.
Te lætè agnoscit festiva *Britannia* Regem :
De nobis Tantum quis meruisse potest :
Anglica cum tumidis ratis est jactata procellis
Præda indignati jam prope facta maris.
En melior *Palinurus* ades, clavumque relictum
Dirigis, & tutâ nos statione locas.
Irrita nunc vibret minitantiæ fulmina *Gallus*,
Et vanas fraudes perfida *Roma* struat.
Intrepidòs cœlis tollat Gens *Anglica* plausus,
Dum *Gemini* miseris *Sidera* amica nitent.

Talbot. Hobart. Coll. Christ.

QUÆ mora *Castalia* cepit damnosa Sorores,
Cum majora plac nequeant memorare *Camœna* !
Quondam erat ex animis cytharas adferre sonantes,
Arguto pulsare leves & pollice Chordas,
Et *Veneris* tædas, & sævo pectus Anhelum
Vulnere, & indomitos numerare Cupidinis ignes ;
Dum grave quid laudare licet, dum Carmine dignum
Quid superest nobis, calamos inflare libido
Deficit, Heroumque Ducumque ignara cicuta est.

Quàm te, *Phæbe* Parens, summissâ voce precarer,
Ut latices saperem vestros, fontisque perennem
Undam, quæ magnum fecit sacunda *Maronem* !
Quàm memor *Arctòas* mens nostra inviseret Oras,
Ingentesque acies Hominum, multo arè micantes,
Atroci bellòque acres, pugnaque minaces!

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Quam canerem Nostrum media inter spicula Regem,
Tela inter lassata ruentem, ut multa coronet
Fœlicem innumeris Divum Victoria palmis!

Vela date O Britones! Batavique impellite Remos!
Hybernos posuit motus mirabilis Annus,
Progeniem Monstrorum atram, turbasque frementis
Impavidas Vulgi, mille iras, mille furores
Hydra, atque horrentes insanæ Plebis acervos,
Mitior hæc, diras moles, compescuit Ætas.

Vela date O Britones! Batavique impellite Remos!
Non arbutta dolent tardi male tempora Veris,
Jam nec hyems carpit flores, nec frigus adurit
Pallentes Violas, nec tanto murmure Campos
Æolio lacerant missi de carcere Venti,
Quanto olim sonitu rapidæ læsere procellæ
Marti & Arcâdicas vastârunt flamine sylvas:
Prima seges lætis gaudet parere Colonis,
Nascentesque rosæ, lucorum & floridus Ordo,
Gratum opus, Agricolaë curat lenire labores;
Hæc voluisse ferunt superos, dimittitur alto
Æthere imago Deum vera, atque simillima Proles.

Vela date O Britones! Batavique impellite Remos!
Quis furor immanis, rabies quæ cœca Penates
Insequitur Latios, quos nec Delubra Deorum,
Quos tantum nocuos possunt nec Asyla tueri:
Nostra venenosas gustâ unt sæcula fraudes,
Nostraque Tartareas senserunt Regna ruinas,
Cæde novâ, informemque effuso sanguine Romam,
Insidias piceâ noctis caligine tectas,
Labentisque domos, Vulcani & viribus, Urbes,
Appositis, populûmque, pari clamore ruentes:
Jam Lethæa parant incasum pocula Mystæ,

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Pocula, quæ certâ quondam virtute *Britannos*
Cocyto Proceres furtim misere nefando;
Numen amans nostri spoliavit morte venenum
Et dedit innocuas *Phœbus* præstantior herbas.

Vela date O *Britones*! *Bataurique* impellite Remos!
Obstupeere omnes: spumosaque Numina Ponti
Humentes compressa, comas sceptrisque superbe
Vibratis, æstus pelagi domuere furentis:
Cum Pater affurgit medio de Gurgite, & Ora
Concutiens *Neptunus* aquosa, hæc verba profatur,
Nunquam his ipse oculis (Genitori & vera loquenti
Credite) lascivas vidi saltare per Undas,
Nec quando *Archæus* petierunt Vellera *Phryxi*
Aurea, *Cæsareas* timuere aut *Æquora* Pompas,
Quod decus *Auriaca* instaurat per *Cærulea* Classis
Imperia, & quales effundit Victor honores;
Torrida jam nitidas trepidat Gens *Africa* turmas,
Iratique *Scythæ*, & pallent sub cuspide *Galli*,
Et ventura gemunt *Romani* prælia fines;
Vos moneam Oceanum Nutu pacare furentem,
Belgarumque rati validos adhibere lacertos,
Quos, nostrum, dignos reputem, moderamen habent;
Dixerat: adde Animos Princeps, vix ampla potestas
Cesset *Alexandri* extremis fatiata Trophæis.

Vela date O *Britones*! *Bataurique* impellite Remos!

Tho. Emerson Aul. Clar. A. B.

Ad

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Ad REGEM.

Quod Tibi ab interitu servata *Britannia* debet,
Ore decus memori grata *Thalia* canet.
Florent æterno devinctæ foedere Musæ,
Floret & auspiciis libera *Granta* tuis.
Labitur & *Chamus* sinceris purior undis,
Nec lædit sacros improba turba Choros.
Per te grata quies placidis circumvolat alis,
Vita, salus redit, & libera religio.
Audiat immensum hoc opus audiat ultima *Thule*,
Quique bibit *Tigrin*, quique bibit *Rhodanum*.
Audiat extremis quicunque sub axibus horret,
Quemque premit nimia linea tosta siti.
Nulla madent *Britonum* fecunda cruoribus arva,
Nec luget natos *Anglia* mœsta suos.
Scilicet æterno venisti à Numine ductus,
Cura Deum, & regni gloria summa Tui.
Perge novos armis titulos laurósque mereri,
Ultimæque ad mundi limina signa feras.
Anglicas trepidet vel victrix *Gallia* Turmas,
Floreat & vires Nominis *Anriaci*.
Fulmina felici nec temnat *Hybernia* dextræ,
Ista solet tandem læsa tonare manus.
Túque tori pariter consors, regnique fidelis,
Æqua bonæ fortis, tristis & æqua comes.
Aspicias placido gaudentes lumine Musas,
Et tacita tandem camina redde lyra.

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Vivite felices ambo, dum longa senectus
Sparserit augustâ tempora cana nive.
Cumque novi excipiunt æternis sedibus orbes,
Anglos progenies continuata regat.

Wilh. Deme, Coll. Trin.

JAM tristes fugiunt venti, jam nubila cœli:
Jam tumidi fluctus, tempestatésque sonoræ
Placantur, ridet tranquillo marmore pontus:
Jam reſerata vigent lucentia templa diei,
Et ſol per liquidum diſfuſo lumine cœlum
Lucifugæ noctis ſquallentes diſſipat umbras,
Exhilarátque animos *Britonum*, vultúsque ſerenat.
Nam Deus, ecce, Deus!
Qualis ubi æquoreâ perfuſus *Lucifer* undâ
Submittit flammam egregiam, pulchrúmque decorus
Signat iter nitidâ per campos luce liquentes:
Ille adèd inſignis magni ſic cœrula ponti
Exuperans, noſtris clarum caput extulit undis,
In medio fulgens comitum, & ſpectandus in armis.
Attoniti ſtupere omnes, avidiſque ſequuntur
Magnum oculis, animóque Duceſ.
Clamorem læti tollunt, cœlúmque fatigant,
Offenſum reddit clamorem conſcius æther.
Ceu rabie quondam Phœbæâ maxima vates
Percuſſa, ingentes ſenſit ſub pectore motus,
Majorem pandens formam, & ſacra ore revolvens,
Totum animum ſingente Deo: ſic inclyta virtus,
Viſque animorum intus cœcos ſublapſa reſeſſus

Perten.

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Pertentat cunctis; tum pectora concutit uigens,
Quæ celebrant agitata Deum, laudésque refundunt.
Salve, ô! salve hominum Divûmque æterna voluptas:
Tu potes en! felix reduces inducere Musas,
Et prædulcis aquæ clausas aperire latebras,
Ut nobis liceat placidos accedere fontes;
Et virides frondente comas velare coronâ,
Tu potes, *Amphion*, dulci suadente loquelâ,
Vulnere convulsas *Britonum* componere gentes
Antiquo, incutiens blandum per pectora amorem.
Tu solus potes indignantem sternere pontum,
Ut sic ludentes stringant summa æquora Nymphæ,
Nec metuant venientem adversâ gente furorem,
Ergò Te *Aonides* laudant, Tibi carmina fundunt
Propter aquas *Cami*; *Camus* dulcedine captus
Tardum inhians suspendit iter, cantûque quiescit:
Ipsæ etiam volucres modulantes æthera tranant,
Aeriâsque plagas Tibi mulcent; vernâque prata
Transmittunt cursu pecudes, luduntque per herbas:
Omnia Te agnoscunt Dominum, famamque sub auras
Cantatam sublimè ferunt: Ante omnia tellus
Belgica Te laudat, magnas portata per undas
Angliam in illustrem. Servat sol tempora motûs
Sol eadem, servant proprios & sidera cursus:
Ipsæ etiam *Britonum* res ibunt ordine pulchro,
Nec mutata dies æternâ pace vigeat,
Dum *Nassa* imperio divisum territat orbem.

R. Smith, Coll. Regal. Alumn.

Ad

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Ad R E G E M.

ET si non digno celebret Te carmine Musa,
Cum laudem superes; blandâ tamen aspice fronte
Pieriam turbam: Sic Numina magna Deorum
Non dedignantur vel fordida munera thuris
Solum Cultoris quæ commendare voluntas
Possit; nec Dives superis acceptior, aras
Qui latè effuso taurorum sanguine spargit.

Sed mihi deficiunt voces, nec pectoris imi
Sensûs imbelli possum comprehendere versu,
Sed tua si jubeat vox, *Invictissime Princeps*,
Hostiles contra turmas interritus ibo
Obvius, æratósque globos, mortisquæ minacis
(*Numine propitio*) contemnâ mille figuras.

Si qui pro Patria pugnantes, vulnera passi,
Æternum meruêre decus; si fama superites
Hos servet, reddâtque etiâ post funera vivos:
O quibus exornet te, *Princeps*, Musa triumphis:
Qui propriam patriam præsentî Numine fulcis:
Nec non *Angligenas*, nil non fatale timentes,
Victores sine cæde facis: sic nempe per Orbem
Vis *Opifer* dici, *Phæbique* simillimus ipsi,
Qui cunctas rutilanti illustrat lampade gentes.

Jam nihil, O Superi, querimus, *Romæque* furores
Hac mercede placent, ipso fruimurque dolore,
Nam post fracturam, si prisco membra vigori
Reddantur, majori augetur robore corpus;
Post tempestates magè fudo lumine *Phæbus*

Emicat,

Musa Cantabrigienses.

Emicat, & lætos ostendit frontis honores,
Sic bene foelices nos infortunia præstant.

Arthurus Cayley, Aul. Trin. Alumn.

EXpectate diu, Maxime Principum,
Tandem gratus ades, sidera vertice
Sublimi feriet læta *Britannia*

Florens auspiciis tuis,
Te regnante quies, copia, grataque
Libertas vigeant; nec timeat mala
Armis nostrâ tuis Insula bellicis

Freta, & consiliis piis,
Reddes jura tuis pristina Gentibus,
Rex Invictæ, etiam res propè perdita,
Placata, stabili pacis in otio

Fiant, Numine prospero,
Seu vis in timidos arma capessere
Fœtus, perfida quos *Gallia* parturit,
Gentem *Borboniam* sternere cum cupis,

Davis Auxiliantibus,
Seu mavis gelidam vincere *Hiberniam*,
Crudelisque Ducis frangere turgidum
Fastum: fausta Tuas, Te Duce, & Auspice,

Turmas Numina prosperent.
Festas sic patriæ dum tuleris tuæ
Luces, dumque tuæ sis memor Insula
Perfarum celebri, Maxime Principum,

Vivas Rege beatior.

Rich. Kay Aul. Trin. Alumn.

Cre-

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

CRederet infidis Princeps cum Carbasâ ventis,
Ausus solliciti tentare pericula Ponti,
Tum Pater Oceanus medium sese erigit inter
Nymphas, & satis aperit sic ora futuris ;
Ponite, *Nereides*, surgentes ponite fluctus,
Et placidis manibus classem ducatis amicam,
Auriaci classem Herois, Dominique futuri.
Ille quidem magno fatorum Numine ductus
Imperium aggreditur magnum, sceptrumque potentis
Albionis Batavis parat exornare trophæis ;
Nec jam bella ferunt naves, pacisque futura
Dat signa Halcyonum plausus ; tum cæcula verrunt
Delphines circum choreis, numerisque recurrant
Diductis, ludosque ineunt, saltusque secundos.
At simul ac longè portus accesserit *Anglos*,
Imperiumque manu, regni que capeffer habenas,
Altera tunc onera, & notam expectate *MARIAM*,
Nec dubio incedat pelago, nec sæva procellis
Intercludat hyems, aut terreat Auster euntem.
Illam omnes ipso collectæ in litore matres
Prospectant, gaudentque animis, tantum insuper orbi
Præsidium, tantumque decus superesse *Britanno*.
Altius *Angliaci* nunc ibit gloria regni,
Attollétque novis se longè ad fydera rebus.
Sanguineos video *Rhodanum* devolvere fluctus,
Armæque, correptosque viros, heu quanta videbis
Funera ? quot miseras deslebis, *Gallia*, strages ?
Salve, Magne Pater, regni, salve, Inclyte Princeps,
Imperiique novis fines extende triumphis,

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Te liquidæ agnoscent Nymphæ, Te flumina Pontici
Ipsa colent, addetque suis Te Regibus æquor.
Hæc ubi dicta dedit : virides plausere sorores,
Insolitisque imæ strepuerunt motibus undæ.

Ric. Stone, Coll. Regiæ.

Surgite, defuncti manes, (heroica busta;) *Quos fama æterno concinet ore tuba,*
Victrices laurus, belli spolia ampla referte,
Annumeret palmas *Cæsar* & ipse suas,
Hi, *Nassæe*, Tui sunt debilis umbra triumphi,
Tantæque victorum victa trophæa jacent,
Pressa malis quondam Te sensit *Belgia*, quem nunc
Statorem agnoscit Terra *Britanna Jovem*.
Galli olim cristas timuit *Leo Belgicus*, & mox
Angliacus, dextrâ dignus uterque *Tua* :
Solutus enim poteras, solus succurrere utrique
(Si proavos memores) dignus es, *Aurice*,
Nominis usque Tui tonitru, ceu fata, refugit
Gallus, qui pedibus lubricus atque fide est,
Non tua marcescit, licet haud sub pondere pressa
Palma, sed in ramos funditur usque novos,
Semper visa Tuis felix victoria castris,
Quæque incerta aliis fors, Tibi certa comes.
Arma geris, Princeps, sed qualia gessit *Achilles*,
Arma Dei sacrâ nobilitata manu.
Religionis amor vires, animi que ministrat
Virtutem Vestæ purior ara fovet.

Musa Cantabrigienses.

Sic sacra in castris *Perseum* flammâ refulget,
 Numine præsentis quisquis ad arma vocat;
 Imperii, Rex Magne, iugiter cape fraus *Britanni*;
 Et quâ servâsti; scēptra tuere manu;
 Regni Consortem, lectique amplectere caram;
 Quæ dulcis curas mulceat una Tuas,
 Tu quoties peccant homines fera fulmina mittis,
 Hæc molli revocat fulmina missa manu:
 Quam benè conveniunt, & in unâ sede morantur
 Majestas, & qui cætera firmat, Amor,
 Fœmineæ sic facta olim sunt credita cura,
 Quæ certâ regeret cum *Jove* fila manu.

H. Dacres, A. B. Coll. Trin.

JAM plausu gemino gestiat *Albion*,
 Latetur citharis, & sonitu lyra,
 Adsit barbiton, atque
 Gratum tibia det sonum.

Ducant ad numerum pars pedibus chæres,
 Tellurem feriant pars pede libero,
 Et pars dulcia fundant
 Lætis carmina voelbus.

Umbrae diffugiunt, fulgidior dies

Nobis exoritur lumine duplici,

Surgunt *Phæbe* & alba

Phæbe ex occano simul,

Et vultu placido cunctis foyent suo,

Dum pulchras redimit sponte sua comas.

Laurus,

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Lamius, hæper ab alma

Quæ terrâ capat extulit.

Hunc reddant Superi perpetuum diem,

Sic hi siderii permaneant foci.

Vestales velut ignes,

Firmi fec' Ta per omnia.

Fo. Sacket, C.C.C.

Salve, lapsuræ columen, Rex Maxime, salve
Solamen gentis, gloria, summa salus:

En! (decreta olim fatalis) quinta *Novembris*

Summa dies gaudi, te veniente, redit:

Ense acres primus *Wilhelmus* subdidit *Anglos*,

Tu (quantum superans!) vincis amore potens:

Pace diu meritas, *Cæsar*, modereris habenas,

Nos *Nassæorum* stirps numerosa æget;

Vive, vige, tutare tuos, & vince rebelles,

Et serò fociis annumerare Dîs.

Johann. Gilbert, Coll. Christi.

Incolumem adduxit quæ te, celeberrime Princeps,

Littus ad *Angliacum* sacra sit illa dies:

Quem mare non poterat sævis arcere procellis,

Fausta nec adversi vela tenere Noti.

Neptunus tumidas sceptro compescuit undas,

Sulcarent piceæ dum vada falsa rates:

Musa Cantabrigienses.

Compositoque feri truculento murmure fluctus,
Emicuit nobis Halcyonæa dies.
Maeste esto virtute tuâ, cùmque omine fausto
Suscipis imperii regia jura Tui;
Servitio excusso se felicissima jactet
Anglia; & auspiciis floreat usque tuis.

Laurentius Brodrick, Trin. Coll.

Ad R E G E M

Quid vidit unquam lætius *Anglia*?

Quis te Deorum propitiâ manu

Perduxit in nostros Penates

Spem miseræ columenque gentis?

Dudum labantem vidimus Insulam,

Dudum ruentem; nunc Deus afforeret,

Qui *Delon* incertam refigat,

Et dubiis bene sistat undis.

Servasse regni jura *Britannici*

Verè Deorum numina postulat,

Invicte Princeps, & meretur

Imperii decus auctioris.

Humana virtus sæpius assolet

Regum mereri stemmata, sed datos

Sprevisse fasces, & coronas

Ut caperet prece pertinaci

Vix posse vinci; non hominem sinit:

Sic comprecamur numina supplices

Musa Cantabrigienses.

Per vota, fumantes & aras,

Quos damus, accipiant honores,

Invulneratum posse per arduos

Ferri *Britannos*, (nec mora) regius

Cingi *Coronis*, & catervas

Ducere per medias triumphos

Non cæde partos (quod solet) Hostium,

Atque incruento milite gentium.

Regnis potiri, quas adire

Instituit, labor est Deorum.

Heros! ad orbem qui cluis ultimum

Audax *Hybernum* protere militem:

I! victor ulturus Rebelles;

Et *Senonum* malefida regna.

Quis non *MARIA* fospite plurimos

Speret triumphos? Dum *Venus* obtinet.

Divisa regni jura, nullo

Mars poterit suis hoste vinci.

J. Castell, A. B. Trin. Coll.

Ad R E G E M.

NEC satis est, patriæ, Stator Divine, ruentis

Te mansisse tuæ non exsuperabile vallum,

Et stabilisse tuo *Batavorum* Numine *Delon*?

Ipse etiam nostras diffusio lumine terras

Solaris, tristi depellens nubila *Coelo*?

Anglia

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Anglia mirata est, nec jam defuncta periculis,
Credere se tutam poruit, diffusa triumpho
Tam facili, & tantæ vix dum secura salutis.
Ut tener agnellus gaudet, quem sedula dextra
Eripuit de fauce lupi, vel tigridis ungue,
Talia pertentant nostras nova gaudia mentes,
Quot mala perulimus, quæ nunc meminisse juvabit.
En! delubra Deum cultu violata profano,
Cultoresque sacris figentes oscula saxi;
Virtutis species nocet omnis, Enyo fugata
Arripit *Astræ* solium, jus dicitur ense,
Vel Juris rapiens scelerata licentia nomen.
Te Pietas, Te Religio, Te, maxime Princeps,
Sollicitat certum Libertas, pulsa Patronum:
Ista manus novit miseris succurrere, opemque
Spe citius votisque affert, quocunque dat arma
Virtus tam miranda, Hosti lis unica restat,
Quis prior auspiciis poterit succumbere vestris.
O! quam magna licet vestris spondere *Britannis*,
Cum jam tot gemmis diadema recentibus ornas.

Ed. Aspin, Aul. Clar. Alumn.

Ad Serenissimum REGEM.

Fermè noctem fultis adhuc domum,
Caputque rursus sustulit *Albion*,
Legesque lapsas reposcit
Vindice te, Genitor, Princeps.

Te

Musa Cantabrigienses.

Te fama noménque ornet amabile,
Decúsque pennis ambiat aureis,
Quâcunque virtus pervagata est
Nescia limitibus teneri,
Exultet atrâ barbarie Nera,
Jocóque cæsis gaudeat hostiis,
Plus laudis unius salus, &
Gratior innumeris triumphis.
Qui fluctuantem constabit statum,
Ægróque vires restituit novas,
Fundantis æternos adeptus
Et meritò titulos præbit.
Natura spurci criminis incapax,
Sic universum dum renover genus,
Nos erudit servando cœlum.
Delicias posuisse summas,
Hoc tu mereris, quicquid honoris est,
Reique Stator splendide publicæ,
Contra dolosos solus hostes
Perpetuum fideique fulcrum.
Quid non *Britannis* fida *Batavia*?
Junctæve quid non efficient *Mannus*?
Utramque quarum cum stupore
Finitimæ tremuere gentes.
Hispanus alget sævitæ reus,
Frendetque vanis *Gallia* dentibus,
Desperat ultrâve impotentes
Nectere perfida *Roma* fraudes.

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Quid Bellicosus *Cantaber*, aut parat
Infamis astu *Perfida Gallia*,
Secura spernas, jam tuorum,
Anglia, Deliciæ Deorum.
Tutam per omnes expediet tuos
Hostes, labantem qui modo sustulit,
Rerumque Habenas qui tuarum
Egregiâ moderatur arte.
Subibit illis auspiciis jugum
Diversa mundi quicquid habet plaga,
Surgente quicquid *Phæbus*, & quod
Luce videt properantē nostrum est.
Crescet *Britanni* Gloria Nominis,
Virtusque labis nescia fœdidæ,
Extendet in seros nepotes,
Aucta novis titulis, Honores.

Lancelotus Manning, Trin. Coll.

Gul. Trotter, Coll. Trin.

On

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

II

On the late Happy

REVOLUTION.

A Pindarique ODE.

I.

SOON as the welcome Voice I chanc'd to hear,
That all the Muses summon'd were
Before the Royal Altar to appear,
And leave their tunefull offerings there;
Faintly I rear'd my sickly head,
And of the King of Terrors begg'd another day,
The King of Terrors heard me pray,
And bid the hasty Sisters spare the thread.
I ask no more--- Stay your invading hand
A little while, and stop my running sand,
'Till to the Royal Pair I've paid my vow,
And then I'll smiling go.

I grudge ye not the vital flame;
Quench it, but spare the other hallow'd Fire,
I beg, I charge ye, in the Muses name,
Lay not your ghastly Hands upon my sacred Lyre,
But let me singing, like the Swan expire.

I'll try, perhaps they will obey;
But why does thus my trembling hand delay?
Here, tak't in haste, lest death call me away.

Muse Cantabrigienses.

II.

Sad and dismal was the day,
Unhappy Isle! when thou, and all thy Grandeur lay
To thy insulting Foes a prey:
When nought did in thy mournful looks appear
But wild Confusion and distracting Fear;
When thy late Monarch did, or thou'd have born the sway,
Thou, who wert always free,
And triumphst in thy boasted Liberty,
On whose sure aid, and quick defence
All thy distressed Neighbours did rely,
To thy extended Arms for succour fly,
And prostrate sued to thee
The mighty Guard of injur'd Innocence;
How wert thou chang'd of late!
How different from the Glories which awhile
Upon thy lovely visage sat,
Crown'd with the beauties of a chearfull Smile;
But by the sad reverse of Fate,
The smiles were fled, and grief usurpt the seat.

III.

Thy Laws, the guard of Innocence,
Were boldly summon'd to appear,
Th' Obedient Laws the summons hear,
Are tri'd at their own Bars, and banish'd thence,
And Justice quickly follow'd in the rear,
Justice was banish'd from its own abode,
Justice the Attribute of God,

Whose

Musa Cantabrigiensis.

Whose sacred Rules by an eternal tie
Oblige th' observing Deity.

Astræa sav'rs, and with an angry swiftness came,
And from the Pandects tore her awfull name;
The hasty Goddess then withdrawn,
And on th' ungratefull Land she had forsook
Threw back a pitying look:
She only lookt, and sigh'd, and then away she flew.

IV.

The wounded Church, the while, lay bleeding by,
(For active Violence stop't not there,
They that can rape the Laws, will ne'er the Altar spare)
Upon her self she cast her pensive eye,
Survey'd the Wound, but knew she could not die,
And with a decent sorrow met the misery.
Fearless at first the rowling waves she 'spide
Fearless she stemm'd the threatening Tide;
She knew the firmness of the state
Her God had told her she was founded on,
Secure on that she stood: she knew
Her God far higher Winds had still'd,
That twice before with greater threatnings blew,
And through th' invading Storms she saw the Rock, and
(smil'd.

V.

But when new Clouds were gathering in the sky
(As Heav'n it self were angry too)
Threatning some new and mighty danger nigh,
Around she took a carefull view,
And found the dismal Omen was too true.

Muse Cantabrigiense.

Her valiant & Worthies were in Triumph led;
She saw't, and sadly turn'd away her head.
She fear'd these clouds might break in Show'rs of blood,
And fearfull then she look'd, and trembling then she stood.
She saw the sad solemnity
Th' anointed Captives passing by,
Like their Great Master to Mount Calvary;
Th' anointed Captives, as they pass'd, bestow'd
Their mournfull Blessings on the weeping Croud.
Helpless (behold!) they come, with no defence
But sacred Oil, and sacred Innocence,
Dejected pity on each face appears,
And all the marks, at once, of Grief, & true devotion wears,
For nought was seen or heard, but Blessings, Pray'r's and
At this she fainted in a sad dismay, (Tears.
Her Fairest Son thus torn away,
(As Rachel with distracted sorrow prest,
Saw unrelenting Murderers wrest
The smiling Infants from her injur'd Breast.)

VI.

Thus, O unhappy Albion, dost thou tread
"The Mazes of perplexed misery,
Thy Laws, thy Freedom, all thy Glories fled,
For which thy wondring Neighbours envi'd thee,
And call'd thee once the Happy Isle,
(But then bereft of all that made thee so)
The Gallic Tyrant, whoe'er a while
Both to thy Name and Arms did tamely bow,
Despis'd thee now,
And saw th' impending ruine with a scornfull smile.

Thy

Musing Contemplation

Thy former blessings snatcht away,
 Religion, Justice, Liberty,
 And all that sacred was before,
 Then was no more
 In the rude heap of lawless Anarchy
 Mixt and confus'd day day
 The Church was be triumphant here below.

VII.

.XI

The Land with dire confusion thus o'respread,
 Call'd the Great Nassau to his aid,
 The peacefull Warriour quickly came,
 And struck us not, but look'd into Frame,
 He came and took a pitying view,
 The Conscience heep his meaning knew,
 And the unruly motions quickly drew
 Into an Order regular and true,
 Your Flocks were wandering in distress,
 But now, like Moses, guide through this Wilderness
 I'll lead you to Canaan's rest.

VIII.

Amfull Astræa with her sacred Train
 Of Virtue, Freedom, Innocence,
 (Who had with her been banisht hence)
 Soon as the Land was heal'd again,
 Return'd, and in her Welcome hands she bore
 Peace, Plenty, Right, and all the store
 That greedy Violence robb'd us of before,
 The Church again rais'd up her drooping head,
 The storms were with her enemies fled,
 And all was calm, and all was clear,
 And in the happy Change forgot her former fear;

Missa Cantabrigionis.

She saw the Rev'rend Pious men,
 Tho' now no longer so,
 The Pious Mother and her God-like Race
 Enlarged met each other now
 With mutual gladness and a close embrace:
 Joys so serene she felt, as when
 The Church may be Triumphant here below.

IIV

IX.

Hail then, ye Rev'rend Pillars of the Church and State!
 Just snatched from Fate,
 And settled firmly on the Pastoral seat,
 Our Holy Mother we congratulate,
 (Imprisoned and restored with you)
 And we rejoice to see our Fathers so
 Welcome, ye sacred Priests, home!
 Your Flocks were wandering in distress,
 But now, like Moses, guide us through this Wilderness,
 Till we to Canaan come.

XI.

Hail ye two learned sons of Arts for you
 In all our miseries too did share,
 Crushed with the mighty ruin of the blow,
 And almost buried here,
 Till the Arch-Angel in the Land was seen,
 And then ye rose again.
 Ye sacred Cham, and His, which before
 With Tyber's streams had almost poisoned been,

Muse Cantabrigienſes.

*Unmixt and clear from the Infectèd Tide,
In peacefull Murmurs now ye ſoftly glide,
And hear no more
Complaining Eccho's from the learned ſhore.*

XI.

*Hail above all ye Royal Rair
From you alone (weeſt God) theſe Bleſſings flow,
To you alone (weſt God) we owe
Not only that n're Bleſt, but that we are;
Take then our thankfull off'rings due
To Him and You.
Next Heav'n we thank You for our peacefull days
And all the Happineſſ we know;
(And if for theſe I ever ceaſe to raiſe
My enlarg'd heart to my Creator's praiſe,
Forgive (Great God!) if I forget,
But if I willfully omit
For theſe to mix my Praiſes with my Pray'r,
May'ſt thou from Heav'n forget to hear,
And I not ſhortly enter there.)
As we were Yours be You th' Almighty's care:
Late to the Joys Eternal may ye go, (ſlow,
Swift may your Pray'rs be thither and your Journey
But ſtill continue here below
As Good, as Great, as Happy as Ye are.*

Rob. Smythies, A. B. Coll. Emman.

To

Muse's Cantabrigienses.

To the KING.

IX

Great Sir! How shall I to your worth aspire?
Or which of all your Glories first admire?
Whose merits to that matchless Height are rais'd,
They are too Great to be repay'd, or prais'd.
The Longing Nation cou'd not wait with fear
Your slow advancement by Succession Here;
But strait Enthron'd You in the Vacant Seat,
And justifi'd by You so Great a Change of State.
Hail Happy Day! wherein You left the Main,
And chear'd our Island with your light again.
Wherein Your ever just prevailing Hand
More Blessings shed on our reviving Land;
Than Practis'd Malice, and Religious Hate
Cou'd ruine form to crush the Kingdom's State.
No base Dispensing Judge with slavish awe,
By Greatness brib'd to Ill, corrupts our Law.
No Priests, inspiring Bigottry and Rage,
Ambitious minds to Villany engage.
The Muses flourish now, secure in Ease,
And praise the Great Restorer of their Peace.
Now disengag'd from Arbitrary Chains,
Honour and worth alone our Choice constrains;
Whose Highest Influence on Us was shown,
Free, yet oblig'd to raise You to the Throne.
But do not Here Your mighty Deeds confine,
Born to enlarge the Glories of Your Line:

Let

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Let daring Lewis Your arm'd Justice know,
And Homage pay to His Superior Foe;
Free by Religion those Your Arms enslave;
Immortal Work! and whom You Conquer, Save.

To the QUEEN.

CLOUDS recommend the bright ensuing Day,
Past storms set off the gratefull Change at sea:
With like advantage to ascend a Throne,
Is useles, Mighty Queen, to You alone.
Our hasty Joy so stays not to compare;
The sad remembrance of afflicting Care }
Is better lost in wondring what we are.
Strange flood, of Bliss! wherein the sense is drown'd
Even of that Loss we by Your Absence found.
What lasting Blessings we to You shall owe, }
From our own Joy, from Hollands Tears we know,
Our free prophetick Joy, their just and gratefull Woe. }
When You appear'd on the amazed Land,
The Senate (Lowe and Justice so command)
Suspend their Counsels to attend on You,
Yet better thus consult our Safety too.
Hail O! whose Vertue and whose Beauty shine, }
Fixt in the glorious Orb alike Divine,
Nor with a Crown improve, nor with Ill fate decline. }
By the false Light of Courts deceiv'd before
We or their Vices, or their Habits wore;
But now Refin'd they our Example grow,
Sham'd honourably into Good by You.

Muse Cantabrigienses.

*You, like Religion, here our bliss improve,
And fit Us for the purer Joys above.
Indulgent Queen! whose Bounties are so Great
They can by none but You be made compleat,
May then, e're Fate lay his Imperious hand,
May You by some fair Pledge secure the Land,
And not content your Cares with You shou'd end,
The Blessings of your Reign beyond your Life extend.*

T. J. Coll. Regal. Soc.

To the KING.

Noblest Asserter of the Noblest Cause,
Defender of our Faith, and Guardian of our Laws;
Great as Thou art, yet dost Thou not refuse,
The gratefull offerings of the humble Muse:
So the Great Gods hear humane Votaries,
Tho' all our praise add nothing to their bliss.

*And since Achilles after death survives,
And Hector by destroying others lives,
Some Muse, if any Homers cou'd transcend,
Shoud to Posterity thy fame commend:
To ruine is a mean inglorious trade,
Worms may destroy what Heav'n with labour made;
But even the Gods think not the task less great,
The World's harmonious fabrick to preserve, than to create.*

Poets

Musa Cantabrigienses.

Poets of old held Fates decrees, above
The pow'r of being recall'd or chang'd by Jove;
Their Jove comes short of Thee, for Thou our State
Hast from destruction sav'd, and so reverst our Fate.
To him that sav'd a single Romans life,
Rome heretofore a Crown did justly give:
To Thee what Crowns in recompence are due,
For an whole Nation's lives and freedom too.

'Tis pleasant now to call to memory,
When all our Hopes were plac't in Heav'n and Thee;
Our danger like the Gordian Knot did shew,
None without cutting could unty but Thou:
But when We almost desperate were grown,
Then pitying Mercy from her throne look't down,
Saw Creatures, worse than those did Egypt harm,
In our Kings Palaces and Chambers swarm,
Drawing Him from the Principles of Good,
And byassing the Nobler Force of blood;
Thus some Celestial bodies would dispeuce,
A most benign and gracious Influence,
Did not some ill, maligning Stars pervert
Their genuine Goodness to a means of Hurt:
And did not such, Great James, thy Fall decree,
Thou hadst been blest in Us and We in Thee.

But Thou, Illustrious WILLIAM, didst withstand
The threatening Evil Genius of the Land,
What of Romantick Knights in Fiction's read,
By whose bright Swords all charms were useles made:
Such vertue truly We in Thine descry,
While Priests and all their Incantations fly.

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

*His Scepter Jove cou'd not in safety sway,
Till on the ground expiring Giants lay;
No Monarch yet except thy Self alone,
E're made a way so easie to the Throne.
What wilt Thou do if once Thou drawst thy Sword,
Which ev'n when sheath'd such Glories can afford!*

*Yet thô such Valour with such Goodness joyn'd;
Might swell too high any less Noble mind;
Thou dost unmov'd thy solid Worth preserve,
And what thou least desir'st dost best deserve:
While Crowns and Scepters for acceptance wait,
They may receive more Glory, not create.*

*Kings differ not from Men of baser blood,
But in the Godlike Pow'r of doing Good,
When some brave Spirit did the rest outshine,
The Ancients bad him reign, and thought his Race divine;
That being inthron'd, as in his proper sphere
The lustre of his Worth more sparkling might appear:
For Objects are not seen by being nigh,
But plac't at a fit distance from the eye;
So the Suns Orb remote from baser earth,
Illustrates the dark Globe, and gives all Creatures birth.*

*Virtues like these which ever did command
The World, Illustrious WILLIAM, makes our Land }
Her Scepter trust in thy protecting Hand;
What more August cou'd humane Nature do,
Than to oblige at once both Heav'n, and Mortals too:
Which to requite both strive the noblest way,
Earth gives a Crown and Heav'n has one to pay:*

Thus

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

*Thus when Alcides with a matchless Force,
Alone supported the whole Universe :
Strait a Convention of the Gods decreed,
That to a Vacant Throne, in Heav'n, he should succeed.*

*As when by art some Curious Pictur's made,
The livelier Colours are set out by shade ;
So our old Miseries now enhaunce delight,
And make Great WILLIAM's Vertues shine more bright :
WILLIAM the Champion of our bleeding Laws,
At once the Sword, and Buckler of our Cause ;
Who whilst he does like Constantine, defend
A Cause no less ; fair Victory shall attend
His well arm'd Legions, and his Enemies doom
Is when He comes, & sees, to be orecome.
His Prudence and his Generous disdain,
Shall make his Adversaries malice vain ;
And instrumentall to augment the Glory of his Reign :
So fogs which strive to keep the Sun from sight,
Do but enlarge his rising Globe of Light.*

P. Sayve of Trinity Coll.

To the QUEEN.

W*ellcome ! blest Partner of the English Throne,
Whose pleasing Empire glad Mankind won'd own,*

Wellcome

Muse Cantabrigienses.

Wellcome to us, who with impatient gales
Of pious wishes swell'd your prosperous Sails;
Whilst yet our Senate variously debate,
(Their Councils lab'ring with a Nations fate)
As soon as You appear all Discords cease,
And with one Look You calm us into Peace;
So jarring Elements in Chaos strove,
But were compos'd by the soft pow'r of Love:
May You, who this fair Frame in order laid,
Live long, and rule the happy World You've made.

What will not England hope from such a Reign?
In You, her lov'd Eliza lives again,
In your Dear Lord are all the Virtues met,
And Greatness of an Old Plantagenet:
Oh! may kind Heav'n our happy Island grace
With Heroes sprung from so Divine a Race;
Not such whose dubious Birth the Light does shun,
But true born Eaglets such as dare the Sun;
That the bright Image of your worth may shine
To future Ages in Your sacred Line.

Beaupré Nowers Fellow of Christs College.

To the KING.

Great PRINCE, what Glories do's Thy Name deserve?
What Praise? who only Conquer'st to preserve;
Whose prosperous Arms in nothing are employ'd
But Thine own Glory, and th'oppressed's aid.

What

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

What though Thy appearance seem'd at first severe,
Portending danger, and ensuing war;
What though thy Coming which did peace ensure,
The dreadfull face of an Invasion wore.
In such a fearfull Train afflictions come,
When Heav'n would call the wandring sinner home.
But oh! the safety which in Them we meet,
Makes not the end alone, but suff' rings sweet.
But that deliverance which thy Arms have wrought,
As far exceeded what we hop'd, as thought.
'Twixt us and Happiness there seem'd to lie
A long and almost endless chain of miserie.
But Heav'n thought fit, the Blessing more t' Endear,
That all the ill should only be the fear.

But though we safely past the danger near,
Though such a Blessing cost us not a tear,
Yet on the dismall scene let's cast our eyes
Whence Joy and Gratitude may fuller rise.
We shall not then when safe, in Factions break,
Whom common danger did united make,
Nor will when Heav'n with such a joy do's Bless,
Either our crimes or follies make it less.

How had They clos'd our eyes! how did They keep
The watchfull spirit of the land asleep!
How did they all our just resentments charm!
Tie up our courage, and our rage disarm!

With what insinuations, what deceit,
Engag'd They us in ruine past retreat!
Whilst some were but deceiv'd themselves t' undo,
Others lay under Obligations too.
Many yet more unhappy with a sin,
Saw Their own ruine and were plunging in:

Muse Cantabrigienſes.

A few there were, who yet untainted ſtood,
Nor felt the general frenzy in Their blood.
Helpleſs They ſtood; with their hearts only free
Which They directed up to Heav'n and Thee.

But when Thy Fleet did on our ſhores appear,
How did the fatal miſt break up and clear!
The Charm was ended, and to Thee we owe,
Recover'd Freedom and our ſenſes too.
Rais'd up by Thee in our own Cauſe we join,
That Force that uſeleſs lay before, with Thine;
And all together with Thy helping hand,
Remov'd thoſe Plagues which long oppreſs the land.

So if by chance ſome fatal poiſon's ta'en,
Fiſt ſilently it creeps from vein to vein;
Nature awhile reſiſts, but ſoon gives o're,
The blood, and heat enflame the Venome more:
Securely now it ranges thro' each part,
And every moment's like to ſeize the heart,
The ſpirit's yet untainted, thither flie,
And have the priviledge with it laſt to die:
But if ſome ſovereign antidote's apply'd,
By which o'repowr'd nature's fortified;
Its ſcatter'd forces rally once again,
T' expell the foe, They fiſt did entertain;
And if the Cure prevails, the body's more
Purg'd, and made Healthy than it was before.

But though the action's in its nature great,
The timeing of't was far more happy yet,
Within their toils, They'd compaſt us about,
Each paſs, and avenue to ſafety ſhut,
And orderly confuſion meaſur'd out.

When

Musa Cantabrigienses.

When Thou step'st in, arrests the sudden stroke,
Which nought but aid unlookt for cou'd revoke.
Whilest Their crimes yet unacted, miss th' intent,
And only justifie the punishment.
Had They foreseen this sudden change of fate,
Despair had made 'em strike, as well as Hate.
Not but Thou could'st our ruines too restore,
And build us up as firmly as before,
Thou could'st have heal'd our wounds, and safely cur'd
The breaches which th' afflicted land endur'd:
But that thou knew'st that sometimes ev'n pain
To wounds clas'd up, but always scars remain:
Were the blow giv'n, the Nation might by Thou
Recover strength, but scarce its beauty too.
This gave Thee wings, altho' the act seem less
Loss wisely to prevent, then to redress:
Though we might Thank Thee with a joyfull heart
More when we felt, than when we fear'd the smart.

By what good fate o'reswaying were we led,
To yield the Noble Pledge unto Thy bed,
In vain the policies of State forbad,
And all the close Intrigues the Court had laid,
Tell me wise Heads who lay your Projects low,
To which all things but stubborn fate must bow.
Tell me why was the Royal Virgin giv'n,
This Match, if any sure, was made in Heav'n.
This Happy Match, to which we jointly owe
Our Honour then, and our Deliverance now.
But though the Honour's Mighty that accrue'd,
In the remote approaches to Thy Blood,

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

We thought it not enough but on one side, not I need
 Lamely to such Great Acts to be ally'd, and to you did I
 Till we'd secured Thee by an unsought Crown,
 And by that tie had made Thee all our own,
 Thy Glories then which only cast their shade,
 Or that dim light which by reflection's made,
 In their full Lustre now upon us shine,
 And dart in a direct unbroken line.
 Pardon us then, if we were bold to engross,
 So great a Good with other Nation's loss,
 Who from such Titles modestly forbear,
 And think it Great enough in Thee to have a share.

John Herbert, Trin. Coll.

THE mighty Julius whose illustrious Name
 Till now stood first in the Records of Fame;
 Who by his Courage kept the World in awe,
 Was but a Type of the Divine Nassau.
 A Prince so brave, impartial Fame began
 To call him Hero when he scarce was Man.
 Bright Glory cover'd Him with all her charms,
 In the first Essays of his Youthfull Arms.
 For those brave Troops He to the Battle brought,
 Like Him with such amazing fury fought;
 No humane Pow'r was able to withstand
 The conquering Rage of such a Godlike Hand.
 When He beheld the mighty heaps of Dead,
 The dying fall, and blood like Rivers shed;

When

Muse Cantabrigienses.

When sudden death's stem crowding thro' the Air,
And mov'd the boldest to a brave Despair:
Fearless of fate the Victory pursued,
Till all was finish'd and the Foe subdued,
In battle bold, impatient of delay,
Knows how to manage when he wins the Day:
And if Occasion hovers in His view,
Seizes her fast, and makes her serve Him too.
When roaring Cannons shake the purple ground,
And dash whole Troops in pieces all around;
Intrepid stands, and with a brow serene,
As unconcern'd beholds the dismal Scene:
For danger which a vulgar Courage moves,
Heightens his spirits, and his Rage improves.
Fortune that never yet could faithfull be,
Doats upon Him to such a vast degree,
That when He fights she never makes a stand,
But gives the Victory as he guides her hand:
Nor are his Counsels weaker than his Sword,
But with the same just Reverence ador'd;
For all confess his vast Heroick Mind,
With great Experience mighty Judgment join'd,
Able to act, as knowing to advise;
Like Hector Brave, and like Ulysses Wise.
Quick in forgiving, in revenging Slow,
Just to his Friend, and Generous to his Foe:
Gives not his Word to cover base Designs,
But with his Promise a Performance joins:
Nor will he cherish hidden Hate within,
For those He cannot to his Party win
But with a Noble Freedom does declare,
Who Friends, and who his Adversaries are:

Muse Cantabrigienſes.

Women and Rieſts cou'd never make a ſlave
Of His great Soul, which ſtill was truly Brave,
And all the Nobleſt Qualities poſſeſt;
No Vertue is a ſtranger to His breſt.
Juſtice and Mercy there triumphant ſit,
While all his Paſſions to their ſinny ſubmits
No head-ſtrong Appetite has power to break
Thoſe Laws, Religion, and right Reaſon make.
But all thoſe motions of the Giddy will,
Which prompt to Vice, or would encourage Ill,
Are frown'd upon, and with an awful hand
Curb'd back, and brought into intire command.
In counſel Wiſe, in converſation Sweet,
In great affairs Bold, Ready, and Diſcreet.
Conſtant of temper, Reſolute and Brave;
For all the ſhocks united Dangers gave,
Nere mov'd his Soul, which ſtill ſerene appear'd,
He hated no Man, and He no Man fear'd.
In great Emergences his ſteady Mind
Paſſion cannot perplex, nor paſſion blind.
Whatever Fears do other Perſons ſeize,
His breſt is quiet, and his Soul at eaſe.
Wrapt in the folds of Peace does ſafely ſleep,
While conſtant watches ſmiling Angels keep.

A Prince deſign'd by Heaven to afford
The Injur'd aid, and born to be ador'd:
The vaſt Endowments of his Generous Mind
To rich Batavia cou'd not be confin'd;
But with a careful and propitious Zeal,
Did the Diſtempers of our Nation heal.
When we were threatn'd with ſtupendious woe,
And nothing wanting but the murdering blow.

When

Muse Cantabrigienses.

When we could see no prospect of Redress,
Our Pow'r was little, and our Hopes were less;
Then this brave Heroe with a numerous Train,
Scorning the hazards of the stormy Main;
And mangle all those Dangers that appear'd,
With kind Supplies our drooping Spirits cheer'd;
So when the only Son of Abraham's seed
Was for an humble Sacrifice decreed,
An Angels Hand surpriz'd the falling Sword
And life to the despairing Youth restor'd:
How quick He chang'd the posture of Affairs;
Confirm'd our Wishes, and dispell'd our Cares!
No sooner were the Hero's first Alarms
Heard in our Nation, but the sound of Arms
Delightfull grew, and the most timorous breast,
With secret joy the kind Invasion blest.
At his Approach our wild Distracti'on flew;
And even Danger trembled and withdrew;
As if it wanted courage to appear
Before a Prince; who knows not how to fear.
Proceed, Brave Mortal (if thou art no more.)
The Peace of Europe like a God restore.
Then ev'ry Age to Thee will Altars raise,
And blest thy Mem'ry with Eternall praise.

Rich. Stone of Queens Coll.

When England, whom for Ages past, with pride,
Europe had served, and courted as a Bride,
Was

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Was falling headlong from her starry height,
To the sad regions of inglorious night,
Her GENIUS watchfull, and resolved to save
His dear lov'd Charge from black Destructions grave,
Found Gen'rous Orange on the Neighb'ring shore
And humbly thus did his sure Aid implore.

Auspicious Prince should Innocence oppress,
Religion threatn'd, Liberty distress,
To any power but Yours for Rescue fly
With fond attempt to gain Security;
To Your Great Race, they must injurious grow,
And plant Your Glories on another Brow.
In vain the Belgian Lion roar'd, in vain
He foaming gnaw'd Tyrannick D'Alva's chain,
Till Nassau's Conduct with just fury broke
From weary Nations necks the Spanish Yoke,
Firm to the Noble Cause the Heroe stood,
And seal'd his Country's Freedom with his Blood.

See then, Great Prince, see what thy Birth commands,
Prepare to snatch me from insulting hands
My Laws are by bold Villains bought and sold,
Slaves to mistaken Honour, and to Gold;
My Noble Sons, who could advise, or fight
Are banisht from their Injur'd Prince's sight;
To Councils Fools, Cowards to Camps resort,
And ~~Vannime~~ worse than Pharaoh's plague my Court;
Cities their Freedoms loose, denied to share
The just rewards their Fathers purchas'd dear.
My Mules driven from their ancient Seat,
Disdaining basely to betray their Right.

~~But still~~ The deepest Wound to my disorder'd Mind
My Church, the purest, and the most refin'd,

W
Whose

Muse Cantabrigienses.

Whose Rev'rence, Learning, Piety, and Zeal, in firm?
Since Primitive ages none could e'er excell; but e'er o' T
That Church, upon the brink of Ruine stands, rose o' A
Min'd and assaulted by a Thousand hands. In W. H. 2
Rome smiles to see her Plots succeed so well, In W. H. 2
And Loyola some pleasure feels in hell; In W. H. 2
Whilst I look sadly on, and helpless moan, In W. H. 2
Religion lost, and Liberty ore'thrown; In W. H. 2
'Tis You alone can the black Tempest lay, In W. H. 2
Drive like the Sun the gath'ring Clouds away, In W. H. 2
And with Your Presence make a brighter Day. In W. H. 2
I feel, I feel, in my presaging Mind, In W. H. 2
Heaven has for You, th' Important work design'd. In W. H. 2
Your Virtues pure flame cannot require, In W. H. 2
The grosser fuel of ambitious fire. In W. H. 2
Yet wondrous things for You are kept in store, In W. H. 2
When e're You land upon the British shore. In W. H. 2

He said; nor more there needed, for the Soul
Which in a Noble cause no fears controul
With England's wrongs inflam'd, impatient grew
And to prevent our ruine eager flew:
Careless of life, of treasure, and of ease;
He trusts himself to faithless Winds, and Seas;
And soon arriving all our wishes crown'd,
Secur'd our safety, and our chains unbound.

So on the shore (by ancient Poets feign'd)
To Winds and Seas Andromeda complain'd:
She saw the Monster gaping for his prey,
Come plowing thro' the Waves his dreadful way
But Heaven, that knew her innocence distressed,
Love, and brave pity rais'd in Perseus' Breast

some I know not of emotion I speak to

Swift

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Swift as an Eagle thro' the yielding sky,
To free the Virgin did the Heroe fly.

No more the ancient Conquerour's splendid Name,
Shall fill alone the Glorious Rolls of Fame;
Whose Arms, Revenge, or vain ambition lead,
And rais'd their bloody Trophies on the dead:
Your Pow'rfull Name the Mighty Work compleats,
And over willing minds an easier Conquest gets,
So quick the Happy Change Your presence wrought,
As if You could effect it with a thought.
Pale Tyranny, and Superstition fled;
Whilst Liberty and Peace erect their Head.
Pleas'd England to Your Empire do's submit,
And lays her Crown at her Deliverers feet.

May You, Great Sir, the English Name advance,
And snatch fresh Laurels from usurping France;
Shake Rome's proud Miter; Buoy up sinking States;
And hold the Ballance of all Europe's Fates:
May You be fear'd in War, belov'd in Peace,
And in Your Subjects hearts Your Empire place.

B. Cudworth, Chr. Coll. Fellow-Comm.

To the KING.

Midst all the Laurels that adorn Your brow,
Admit the humble Poets sacred bough:
Which only can our Joyfull Thanks proclaim,
Not add fresh Honours to Your perfect Fame,

For

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

For who can tell Your deeds? such deeds as these
Prevent the Power of Poets to encrease.
How oft have You in thickest Battels stood,
Shining in Arms, and painted gay with blood?
How oft to humble terms has France been brought,
And Conquest by Your Hazard dearly bought?
How oft have You been warn'd by Holland's States,
Of vent'ring 'mongst so many rowing fates?
They laid their future Hopes in You alone,
And in Your danger justly fear'd their own.
Heav'n's hid decrees reserv'd You still for more,
'Twas now Your turn to Save, I had Kill'd enow before.
Your Virtue has to Gain no base regard,
But with its Actions carries its reward:
Not to have come when we Your Aid did sue,
Had almost seem'd Degenerate in You;
So from fam'd Alva's Persecuting Hand
Your Fathers freed of old their Native Land,
Without aspiring thoughts their Generous heat
Chose Good, and bravely scorn'd the Name of Great.
To hinder the proud growth of Rome and France,
Is Yours, and only Yours by Inheritance:
So Hannibal a fatal foe was sworn
To Domineering Rome as soon as born;
He wisely saw how she design'd to steer,
And fiercely stopt her in her full career:
He hindred for a while her soaring high,
And stopt as then her Universal Monarchy.
We see to what high Hand our Freedom's due,
And that it comes from Heav'n, in that it comes by You:
When God would visit for the sins of men,
And with just terrors make 'em turn agen,

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

He doth a Nol. or Massanello send,
And by Such scourges teaches to amend;
But when He by his chiefest Attribute of Love,
Or some great Noble Change, his Power would prove:
Such Acts are through fit Instruments convey'd,
His Servant Cyrus, or a Cæsar's made.

We ne're knew what True Valour was before,
Our Soldiers scarce could use the Arms they bore,
But awkwardly, as Children play with Knives,
The sharpned points were turn'd upon their Lives:
At Your Approach our Army fled to You,
Laid Passive Valour down, and bravely learn'd to do;
So lesser lights wink at the dawn of Day,
And fire's attracted by a stronger Ray.

May You, Great Sir, thus ever still our Fears,
And bless with Union all our future Tears:
May no bold Rebels (but they dare not) rise,
Or ev'n in Thought blaspheme th' Indulgent skies:
May the same Sword in the same Mighty Hand;
On all sides guard, like that of Paradise, our Land,
Whilst You defend our Rights we know no Fear,
(You who can shine as bright in Peace as War)
And only beg what Your blest Reign can do,
Secure us This, and finish all the rest You owe;
Whilst Envious Rome, now she can do no more,
With slighted Bulls from far may idly Roar:
As Sinners, that can do and fear no worse,
Rave in Despair, and are Resolv'd to Curse.

J. Milton, B. A. of Trinity College.

Muse Cantabrigienses.

IF to redeem an almost ruin'd State,
To save a Nation from impending Fate,
And prop a sinking Church, be brave and great;
If without Bloodshed to ascend a Throne,
And lay no Claim to a deserved Crown,
Are Actions meritorious of Renown;

If to refuse your Due, a Conquerours Name,
From those whose Hearts not Hands You overcame,
Merit the Echoes of the lowdest Fame;

All ought in Gratitude a part to bear,
And with repeated Praises fill the air;
For what excuse can Silence find where all the profit share?

Tis come, at last the wish'd for Day is come
Of our Deliv'ry; all our Dread of Rome
Is vanish'd; Rome which we so fear'd before
Doth tremble now, it Self as unsecure,
As We were then, shrinks from the well-known Strand,
And wishes now behind more Alps to stand.
Long time oppress'd with slavish Fear we lay,
Unbounded Pow'r and Arbitrary sway:
We suffer'd much, and tamely kist the Rod,
Making no difference 'twixt a King and God.
The Ax was laid deep at the spreading Root;
The Tree must fall altho' it bore Good fruit.
But Heav'n prevents the Blow, and kindly sends
To make our Reason and Religion friends.
We saw, tho' late— Too late, Sir, had not You
Swift as our wishes to our Rescue flew:

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

*You, on whose Sword the Fates of Nations sit,
Heav'n only thought to be our Guardian fit :
Heav'n, whence You take Your quarrel and Your cause,
Sent You to rule by, and restore our Laws :
T' enrich the future Age with gentle Peace,
With smiling Plenty, and delightfull Ease.
But yet does Expectation hov'ring sit
Untill the Mighty Work be made compleat,
And your Rewards, be as your Merits great. }
Rebellious Ireland You must subdue, }
France stays unconquer'd to be won by You, }
The rest for Peace will for their Safety sue. }
Go on, Great Heroe, as You have begun,
You need but come, and look, to overcome.
You were by Heav'n for Miracles design'd,
The Wonder and Delight of all Mankind.
May all your Acts with as much ease succeed,
As this with us Your last and greatest did.*

Rob. Hovener St. Cath. Hall.

*Great Heroe ! not of their low Rank and Name,
Whose haughty Conquests stain'd their sullied Fame;
By Glory's false uncertain blaze misled
Through Seas of guiltless blood, unjustly shed :
But to be rank'd with those Great Sons of Jove,
Who for Invaded rights, and Freedom strove :
Whom willing Minds adore with humbler aw,
Than slavish Fear could from the Vanquish'd draw.
Freed by Thy Hands, to Thee our Country owes
Such Vows as rescu'd Nations paid to Those.*

Thy

Musa Cantabrigienses.

Thy tender Tears Thy falling Country staid,
Soon was the Life she gave Thee with her own repaid.
By lawless Arms her Freedoms made a prey,
Her soil by it's inveterate Foe the Sea,
(The Sea her usefull foe, call'd in t' asswage
Of Sword and Fire the more destructive rage.)
When deaf Disorder scatter'd wild dismay,
And fear was bold enough to disobey.
Mov'd with a pitty then Divinely Great
Thou took'st the Helm to save the sinking State.
Life to their slow Debates Thy Soul diffus'd imparts,
Strength to their feeble Hands, and Courage to their droo-
Unequal'd Conquest here is thy least praise, (ping hearts.
The Civick Crown swallows the Victors Bays.
What Soul but Thine so Constant could have prov'd
To bear a Shock like this at first unmov'd?
Such Glories well might Thy ripe Tears display,
Whose untry'd Valour made this bold Essay.
Th' Aspiring Youth that set the World on flames
Fell with this Praise t' have mist of Noble aims;
Had his short Reign began just where it ceast,
And those wide ruines which it caus'd, suppress,
Rul'd the fierce Steeds grown headstrong with affright,
Gather'd, and set the shatter'd Chariot right:
What Praise had crown'd such Courage and Success?
Nor less was Thy Exploit, nor can Thy Praise be less.
The same brave Pitty call'd Thee now abroad
To ease us panting with a heavier load,
Of which, some bold Intruders on Thy fate,
Thought to relieve in vain the labring State;
Which stir'd, but not remov'd, fell back with greater weight.

Their

Muse Cantabrigienses.

Their weak attempts crush't by th' Imposers Care,
Serv'd to confirm their Hopes, and our Despair.
But 'twas, when great enough, for Thee design'd,
(Too great long since for any Hand but Thine.)
Our Wisest Patriots, early could foresee
From whence, and Who must our Restorer be.
These knew 'twas vain their ravish'd Rights to claim,
Untill the Fatal Great Achilles came.

When what We've scap't with trembling Joy we view,
How great appears our Debt to Heav'n and Thou!
Wrapt in Egyptian Slavery, and Night,
Our hearts and strength quite lost, impair'd our sight.
Through long Despair of ever being free,
We could no Change attempt, no Hopes could see:
Thoug't seem'd past Fate, when Thee we heard engag'd
A sure Deliverance Thy Great Name presag'd.
Thy first Approach a powerfull Warmth did dart,
Which nimbly shot through ev'ry lifeless part.
Each Soul with wrongs (now manifest) was fir'd;
Each breast with Thoughts of Liberty inspir'd.
Just such, so swift, so piercing, and so great,
So universal is the Sun's blest Heat.
Whose quick'ning Rays at once from East to West
Dispell nights Damp, & chear each Hopeless breast.
Like his Thy awfull Presence put to flight
All the ill-boding Omens of the Night:
They saw a thick and gloomy Cloud o'respread,
Our Nations Face, and Churches drooping Head.
Thinking their own Nocturnal Reign restor'd,
Crept from their holes to haunt th' once-dreaded Court.
Now their weak Guilt, and thy strong Fate they knew,
Disabled to resist by Conscious Fear, withdrew.

Blest

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Blest Instrument of Heav'n! reserv'd of late
To bring about the kind Resolves of Fate,
When Hope no more knoys up our sinking Minds,
And staggering Faith scarce hold or footing finds:
To sad Catastrophe when all things tend,
And jointly all bespeak a Tragick End,
Thou like a God to loose the Knot com'st in,
And show th' unlook't for, glad, surprizing Scene,
To lose this Knot requir'd some Heavenly Pow'r,
Scarce did the Gordian make the Toke more sure;
This could unhurt the Sword's keen edge withstand,
Yet each close Fold with ease follow'd Thy Fatal Hand.
Confirm Heav'n's Choice and Ours! Take th' Empire due
To Him by both who could this Knot undo.

With speed unequal'd has thy swift Career
Reach't Honours Goal, e're that of Life be near,
Thy Vigour fresh, still fresh we hope Thy Tears :
Thy active Soul no Respite will admit,
Which Heav'n still wish New work takes care to fit.
A Work that by its Greatness seems to be
By Destiny it self mark't out for Thee.
That Hydra, which did our late Age infest,
Sprung from Rome's monstrous many-headed Beast :
In Irish Fens (our neighb'ring Lerna) bred,
With blood regorg'd, with Prey and Plunder fed.
Oft our Great Britilla Hero's have assail'd,
The Numerous ill, but to their loss prevail'd,
New sprouting Heads th' unwearied Monster fill'd,
They only prun'd the Trunk they should have kill'd.
But now to th' utmost point the Frame can bear, 'tis grown,
'Tis Thou at last must make and fear the fruitfull wound.

Thy

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

*'Thy Sword He justly dreads, whose lawless Arms
Have long spread terror wide as his Alarms:
If by Conjunction Stars can e're dispense
On waining States a balefull Influence
'Tis this Conjunction must his period date,
Orange and English adverse to his Fate,
Both apart fatal to that Tyrants Pride,
How can it their united Force abide?
What can't Thy Sword with English Valour do?
Or that to it's wisht Prize led on by You.*

W. Bisset, Scholar of Trinity College.

To the KING.

W*hen Liberty and Property did lie
Expecting which should first (or both together) die;
When gasping Laws foresaw their doom,
A Sacrifice to greedy Rome,
Contented only with a Hecatomb:
Then England did Thy arms intreat,
And pray'd Thee for her safety, not Thy own
To fill an empty Throne;
Scepters and Crowns were not Thy aim,
But to Thy Mighty Deeds unsought Rewards became;
Was ever man so lov'd by Fate,
That He must either be Unjust or Great?
Since then the Fates our Hero's favour woe,
Justice and Wisdom bid us court Him too;*

Whose

Aduse Cantabrigienſes.

Whose Glories ſo unſhaken are,
They their own fame declare,
They more for themſelves can do,
Than Poets in their Verſe tho' that's immortal too.
What Fortune did attend your happy Engliſh Wars?
Not ſtain'd with Chriſtian blood,
By which we fear'd to be o'reflow'd,
For Bloody is with You no Epithete to Mars,
This ſpecial gift ſhe did preſerve for Thee,
The darling Favourite of Hers,
Which yet ſhe never dealt with Victory
To the braveſt Conquerours;
For by Thy gentle temper well ſhe knew
The way to pleaſe Thee beſt, was to preſerve Thy foe:
For Laurels ſet in blood do rarely, very rarely grow.

One did 'tis true God's choſen people free
From Egyptian ſlavery,
Guided by his wiſe command,
They view'd the confines of the promis'd land;
But a Second led them on,
And made the new diſcover'd land their own:
(Too great a Work to be perform'd by one)
See Heaven's Favourite out-done by You,
Our Moſes, and our Joſhua too,
For You alone have done, what both of them could do.
England of late, till You did reign,
Her Valour did at home confine;
But now the World dreads her alarms,
The World has felt and trembles at her arm:
Secure of Death who dare oppoſe?
But You are gentle to Your proſtrate Foes;

e

Succeſſ

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Success shall triumph on Your brandish'd sword,
And kind officious Victory wait Your commanding word,
The hungry Fates shall You obey,
Who dare do more than they,
And frequently return You thanks for their desired prey:
Thy flaming sword, like that the Angel bore,
The Garden of Lillies shall secure,
And water with a bloody shower;
The Sea shall swell with blood till it invade the land,
And drown Your flying Foes, who think to 'scape Your hand.
But then what better with Thy praise shall suit,
T' shall make that land a Paradise without forbidden fruit,
And Thou Thy self shalt be the Guardian Angel to't.

R. Lloyd, Fellow of Pemb. Hall.

Musæ Cantabrigienses.

Ad LIBRUM.

Materiam tractas, Liber, altam & *Apolline* dignam,
Quid tibi, si Eloquentium desit & Ingenium ?
Arma Virumque canis, sed nullus dat *Maro* Versus ;
Penelopen texit, *Naso* facetus abest.
Sunt *Mecanates*, dulcem at desiderat, optat,
Granta rudis Venam, *Flacce* perite, tuam ;
Huncque novis desset lacrymis, quem sæpe *sedentem*
Vidisti in ripa, *Came* serene, tuâ.
Maeste tamen Pietate, Liber, cum vota supersint ;
Si laudes Versu deteris, adde Preces.
Quot nobis Domini redimebant stamina vitæ,
Tot finat ipse illis usque redire Deus.

Procancellarius.

F I N I S.